TRUE STORIES OF GREAT AMERICANS

ULYSSES S. GRANT

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TRUE STORIES OF GREAT AMERICANS

U. S. GRANT

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PRESIDENT ULYSSES S. GRANT.

U. S. GRANT

BY

LOVELL COOMBS

When black the sky and dire with war,
  When every heart was wrung with fear,
He rose serene, and took his place,
  The great occasion's mighty peer.
He smote armed opposition down,
  He bade the storm and darkness cease,
And o'er the long-distracted land
  Shone out the smiling sun of peace.

In Memory of General Grant,

— HENRY ABBEY.

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PREFACE

THE history of the United States, or of the world at large, does not record a more honorable, chivalrous, and courageous soldier, statesman, and gentleman than U. S. Grant. If the following story of his life serves to inspire in its young readers something of General Grant's high sense of honor, truthfulness, modesty, his thoughtfulness for others, his dislike of all that was coarse, his respect for older people — and not only as a boy, but as General of all the armies of the United States, and during two terms as President — the writer will have achieved the inspiration that came from his own study of the life of this splendid American.

Indebtedness is acknowledged to the excellent and interesting works on various phases of General Grant's life by the following biographers:

Adam Badeau, Henry Coppée, James T. Headley, Rev. P. C. Headley, Albert Deane Richardson, Dana and Wilson, Colonel Nicholas Smith, George W. Childs, W. H. Van Orden, F. A. Burr, W. O. Stoddard, Captain Charles Eaton, Ringwalt, Swift, Hamlin Garland, Owen Wister, John Russell Young, and General Grant's own "Memoirs."

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ULYSSES S. GRANT

CHAPTER I

A Promising Boyhood

In the spring of 1839 an awkward, stocky, freckle-faced lad of seventeen, by some nicknamed "Useless," because of his "slowness," left his home in a small backwoods town in Ohio for the Military Academy at West Point. A few years passed, and the boy "Useless," after adventures as thrilling as those of any storybook, returned from the Mexican War a brevet captain of infantry, twice promoted for bravery in battle.

A few years more, and "Useless," now the general of an army of 70,000 men, saw the white flag go up over Vicksburg, the "Gibraltar of the South," after one of the greatest sieges of history, and received the surrender of more than 30,000 prisoners of war.

Two years later "Useless" stood in Washington, at the right hand of the President, while for two

whole days a great army marched by, and cheered and saluted him as their commander — the commander who had led them to victory and brought to an end the great Civil War.

What boy, and especially what American boy, would not love to dream of living such a life of adventure and renown? And then to be made President of the United States; and later to travel in foreign lands for two years, to be lionized everywhere as probably no other man has been lionized in the history of the world!

Such were the fortunes of General U. S. Grant.

Yet Ulysses Grant's early life was like that of thousands of other American boys. He was born in an unpretentious home, a small two-room cabin in the little village of Point Pleasant, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822. His father, Jesse R. Grant, was a tanner. His mother had been Hannah Simpson, of an old Pennsylvania family.

In the year following, the family moved to Georgetown, Ohio. And here it was that the future general and President grew up, — went to school, played, and worked between times, as he afterwards confessed, with no greater enthusiasm than other boys.

But boy life in the Middle West in those days was not what it is to-day. There was a great deal

more of work and a great deal less of play. Besides the tannery, Ulysses' father owned a farm and some woodland; and when Ulysses was seven years old he began hauling, with a team, all the firewood used in the house and tannery. At eleven he began doing all kinds of farm work.

"From that age until seventeen," he tells in his "Memoirs," "I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for the stoves, etc."

What would you boys of to-day think of such a daily programme? And attending school as well?

Yet Ulysses found no fault, and had a good time with the other boys when he could. He went fishing, went swimming at a swimming-hole in a creek a mile from the village; hunted berries, May apples, pawpaws, and nuts in the woods; and in the winter went skating and coasting.

In appearance Ulysses Grant was a short, stocky boy, with brownish hair, a round, frank face, freckled, and with friendly gray-blue eyes. In disposition he was quiet and easy-going, had a dislike for coarse language which he never lost, and preferred the company of the quieter boys and girls

of the neighborhood. He would always avoid a quarrel or a fight if possible — this future hard-fighting general — and did not care to hunt and kill things in the woods. He loved animals; every animal on his father's farm was a pet.

For these reasons the rougher boys of the village undoubtedly would have looked down on Ulysses Grant as a "softy," but for the fact that he was one of the most daring coasters of the steep village hills in the winter, and was utterly fearless with horses. As it was, he was one of the most popular boys in Georgetown.

Like most popular boys, Ulysses had a number of nicknames. Besides "Useless" — which was given him by many because of its similarity to his unusual name of Ulysses — he was known as 'Lyssus, 'Lys, and Hug.

Needless to say, he did not care for the latter name. It was suggested by his initials, "H. U. G." Ulysses' full name was Hiram Ulysses Grant. The name by which he went into history, "U. S. Grant," was the result of an accident, as we shall later see.

The selection of the unusual middle name came about in this way. A family conference was held to select a name for the new baby. There was such a difference of opinion that it was finally decided to write the names suggested on slips of paper, and

drop the slips into a hat. The mother wrote Albert, an aunt wrote Theodore, Grandfather Simpson wrote Hiram, and Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading ancient history, chose the name of the Greek hero Ulysses. The last two were the names drawn from the hat.

Ulysses Grant's "cleverness" with horses was probably his most notable characteristic as a boy. The faculty showed itself in him when but a baby. It is related that his greatest delight was to toddle around the feet of the horses standing in his father's tannery yard. On one occasion, it is told, a neighbor rushed in to Mrs. Grant to tell her that little 'Lyssus was "out in the yard swinging about by the tails of Loudon's horses."

A particular feat of horsemanship that fixed Ulysses' reputation among the other boys of Georgetown was this: A traveling circus came to town. One of the features of its programme was a prize of five dollars offered to any boy who could ride a certain trick pony. The pony was a fat, round-bodied, spirited little animal, with a closely cropped mane, and was trained to its work. Five dollars was a big sum to win at "one lick," as the Georgetown boys declared, and would-be riders came forward eagerly. They did not come a bit too fast for the pony. One after the other

he sent them flying over his head, to get up sheepishly with a handful of tan bark instead of the coveted five dollars. Finally there were no more candidates left. Ulysses, who had been looking on, said in his usual quiet way,

"I believe I could ride him."

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" urged the other boys quickly.

Ulysses hesitated, then stepped into the ring.

While the expectantly grinning clown acting as ringmaster held the pony, Ulysses sprang up on its back. The clown let go, the pony dropped its head and kicked up its heels. When it came down, Ulysses was still there. The pony waggled its head and tried again. With his knees closely gripping its sides and his arms about its neck, Ulysses held his seat. The pony almost stood on its head, kicked skyward, raced madly round the ring, pulled up all standing, switched this way and that, and again tried to stand on its head. And still, while the crowd cheered, Ulysses stuck. Seeing his five dollars going, the clown urged the pony on with whip and voice. But the eleven-year-old boy was not to be unseated, and finally the pony stood with heaving sides, defeated. Ulysses slipped to the ground, and, to an accompaniment of enthusiastic applause, received his five dollars.

Another feat that Ulysses performed with horses was of a more practical kind, and took place in the quiet of the woods instead of before an admiring crowd. It showed a fine spirit of determination to finish a job under difficulties — the same spirit of determination we shall later see in face of a much greater "job."

His father had taken a contract to supply logs for the building of a jail. These logs were heavy timbers, a foot square and fourteen feet in length. Several men were required to load them on the wagon upon which Ulysses drew them into town.

One morning Ulysses went for his load as usual. Reaching the woods, he found no one there to load the timbers. He waited, but the cutters failed to appear.

How many boys would have thought only of returning home?

But not Ulysses. He considered the problem. Near the waiting timbers was a half-fallen tree; one which the fall of a larger tree had brought partly down and left lodged in a neighboring oak.

Ulysses removed one of the horses from the wagon, hitched it to an end of one of the trimmed timbers, and hauled the timber up the sloping trunk of the half-fallen tree until it leaned there, partially upright. When the required number of

timbers had thus been "stood up," he returned the horse to its place in the team, backed the wagon under the leaning timbers, and worked them down into it.

The sequel to the incident illustrated another trait of Ulysses' which stayed with him through life — an entire lack of vanity. On reaching home with the load, instead of boastfully relating what he had done, he merely remarked to his father,

"Father, I reckon it's hardly worth while for me to go again to-day. None of the cutters are in the woods. There is only one load left. If I get that now, there will be none for me to haul to-morrow."

"Why, where are the cutters?" his father asked.

"At home, I suppose. They haven't been in the woods to-day."

"But — who loaded the logs?" Mr. Grant demanded, mystified.

"I did, with the horses," replied Ulysses. And then he explained.

Mr. Grant is said to have been very proud of this feat of his son's.

Since Ulysses was so resourceful and capable, it is not surprising that his father should have intrusted him with missions that, to-day at least, would be considered beyond the ability of a mere boy. In addition to his tanning, Jesse Grant did an occa-

sional livery business between Georgetown and points as far distant as Chillicothe, some seventy miles. For at that time there were no railroads in Ohio, and travel between inland towns was carried on entirely by horse or wagon. Ulysses was on several occasions sent on these long drives, with travelers, or families moving to or from Georgetown.

In his "Memoirs" General Grant speaks of these journeys at some length, as well as of other interesting experiences which the love of horses prevented him from ever forgetting.

"While still quite young," he relates, "I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times, alone; also Maysville, Kentucky, often, and once Louisville. The journey to Louisville was a big one for a boy of that day. I had also gone once with a two-horse carriage to Chillicothe, about seventy miles, with a neighbor's family who were removing to Toledo, Ohio, and returned alone; and had gone once in like manner to Flat Rock, Kentucky, about seventy miles away. On this latter occasion I was fifteen years of age. While at Flat Rock . . . I saw a very fine saddle horse, and proposed to Mr. Payne, the owner, to trade him for one of the two I was driving. Payne hesitated to trade with a boy, but asking his brother about

it, the latter told him that it would be all right, that I was allowed to do as I pleased with the horses. I was seventy miles from home, with a carriage to take back, and Mr. Payne said he did not know that his horse had ever had a collar on. I asked to have him hitched to a farm wagon. . . . It was soon evident that the horse had never worn harness before; but he showed no viciousness, and I expressed a confidence that I could manage him. A trade was at once struck, I receiving ten dollars difference.

"The next day Mr. Payne of Georgetown and I started on our return. We got along very well for a few miles, when we encountered a ferocious dog that frightened the horses and made them run. The new animal kicked at every jump he made. I got the horses stopped, however, before any damage was done, and without running into anything. After giving them a little rest, to quiet their fears, we started again. That instant the new horse kicked, and started to run once more. The road we were on struck the turnpike within half a mile of the point where the second runaway commenced, and there was an embankment twenty or more feet deep on the opposite side of the pike. I got the horses stopped on the very brink of the precipice. My new horse was terribly frightened,

and trembled like an aspen; but he was not half so badly frightened as my companion, Mr. Payne, who deserted me after this last experience, and took passage on a freight wagon for Maysville. Every time I attempted to start, my new horse would commence to kick. I was in quite a dilemma for a time. Once in Maysville, I could borrow a horse from an uncle who lived there; but I was more than a day's travel from that point. Finally I took out my bandanna handkerchief, and with this blindfolded my horse. In this way I reached Maysville safely the next day, no doubt much to the surprise of my friend. Here I borrowed a horse from my uncle, and the following day we proceeded on our journey."

Still another horse story is frequently told of Grant when eight years old. Living near Georgetown was a Mr. Ralston who owned a colt to which Ulysses had taken a great fancy. He finally persuaded his father to make an offer for it. Mr. Grant offered twenty dollars, but Mr. Ralston demanded twenty-five. Ulysses begged his father to offer the price asked, and at last received permission to give the twenty-five, after first going to Mr. Ralston and offering him twenty, then twenty-two-fifty.

Ulysses made his way to Mr. Ralston's house and said: "Mr. Ralston, Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take it, I am to offer you twenty-two and a half; and if you won't take that, I am to give you twenty-five."

Needless to say, the small horse buyer paid the twenty-five.

Of every great man's boyhood there are stories told which are related in different ways. Occasionally there are stories about which there is some doubt. This is especially true in the case of stories predicting future greatness.

A number of such stories are told of Ulysses Grant. One story relates that when a baby in his mother's arms, during a Fourth of July celebration, a pistol was fired off close beside him. Instead of being frightened, the future soldier laughed and lisped, "Fik it again! Fik it again!"

Another story, of which there are several versions, tells of a phrenologist who, after examining Ulysses' head, declared he would one day be President of the United States. One version of this incident is as follows:

At a public lecture on head-reading a certain Dr. Buckner in the audience, who was somewhat

skeptical, asked the lecturer to examine a head while blindfolded. The lecturer consented, and when a handkerchief had been secured about his eyes, Ulysses Grant was brought forward and placed before him. The phrenologist felt over the lad's head for some time. Finally he announced, "This is no common head. It is an extraordinary head."

"Will he distinguish himself in mathematics?" Dr. Buckner asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "in mathematics, or anything else. In fact, it would not be strange if we should one day see this boy President of the United States."

Another version of the incident is quite different. Ulysses' father, who was a rather talkative man, firmly believed in a great future for Ulysses, and frequently spoke of it. To his neighbors, who could see nothing unusual in the boy, this had come to be a joke. Consequently when, at the lecture, volunteers were called for to have their heads "read," Ulysses was one of the first urged to the platform.

As he came forward, the crowd began to look at one another and chuckle. At once the lecturer grasped the situation. It was another case of the stupid son of a doting father. He had played a

part in the same kind of joke a dozen times before. And while the crowd roared with laughter, he felt over Ulysses' head and solemnly announced that "this wonderful boy would some day be President of the United States."

Whatever the truth may have been, it is quite possible that the prediction finally determined Jesse Grant on giving Ulysses the best education that lay in his power.

CHAPTER II

School Days

The schools of Ulysses Grant's boyhood would be considered very crude to-day. They were private, or subscription, schools, and were held in any convenient house or other building. Often the teachers were men of little training, and only the "three R's" were taught, "Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic." Ulysses Grant never saw an algebra until he went to West Point. The whip or rod was used freely, and even the quiet Ulysses was "not exempt from its influence," as he later termed it.

"I can see John D. White, the school-teacher, now," he wrote, "with his long beech switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one, either. Switches were brought in bundles from a beech wood near the schoolhouse by the boys for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day."

The whippings aroused no particular resentment among the boys, however. "Birching" was looked

upon as a natural and necessary part of teaching. It was the system under which the teacher himself had studied when a boy.

Except in arithmetic, Ulysses was not a brilliant scholar. He could draw well, but drawing was not taught. One noteworthy characteristic he had in studying. Once he had tackled a problem, he wanted no help from any one, but would keep at it doggedly until he had mastered it for himself.

Ulysses attended school in Georgetown until he was fourteen. In the winter of that year his father sent him to the Maysville Seminary, at Maysville, Kentucky, some twenty miles from Georgetown. There Ulysses proved the same quiet, pleasant, popular lad; and, according to one of his teachers, ranked well in all his classes, his deportment being especially good.

An old record book tells interestingly of Ulysses' connection at Maysville with a literary and debating club, the Philomathean Society. The record shows that he was enrolled as a member of the society on January 3, 1837, and took part in a debate that evening.

The subject of the debate on that occasion was: "Resolved, that the Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa Anna his liberty," and "H. U. Grant" is recorded as one of those arguing on the

affirmative side. The topic of the next meeting was: "Resolved, that females yield greater influence in society than males." Again Ulysses was on the affirmative side, which won.

The third discussion in which "H. U. Grant" took part is of especial interest, along with the fact that he took the affirmative side. The question was: "Resolved, that it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves at this time." And the affirmative side was declared to have presented the stronger argument.

The topic of the succeeding meeting is also of peculiar interest: "Resolved, that intemperance is a greater evil than war." Again Ulysses spoke for the affirmative.

At the thirty-seventh meeting "Mr. Grant" moved a resolution: "Resolved, that it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he is placed." On the same evening he was elected a member of the society committee.

Other debates in which the future President took part were these: —

"Resolved, that Socrates was right in not escaping when the prison doors were opened to him."

"Resolved, that the writer deserves more praise than the orator."

"Resolved, that Columbus deserves more praise for discovering America than Washington does for defending it."

Ulysses was given the negative side of this question; and also on the question, "Resolved, that America can boast of as great men as any other nation."

The date of this latter debate was recorded as March 27, 1837. This is the last entry made in the record book of the young student from Georgetown. Probably Ulysses was called home to the farm, to "debate" on the affirmative side of the spring plowing!

Ulysses seldom worked in his father's tannery. In fact, from a child he had disliked the tannery. He never became accustomed to its unpleasant odors. The possibility of some day having to engage in this business had always been a bugbear to him.

One morning they were short of help in the tannery, and his father said to him,

"Ulysses, you will have to go into the beam room and help me to-day."

The beam room, where the ill-smelling hides were stretched and scraped, the boy especially abhorred. Reluctantly he accompanied his father, and on the way to the building he remarked,

"Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I'll work at it, though, if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one. But you may depend upon it, I'll never work a day longer at it after that."

Jesse Grant was a strict man, but reasonable and fair.

"My son," he replied, "I don't want you to work at it now if you don't like it, and don't mean to stick at it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now, what do you think you would like?"

"I'd like to be a farmer, or a river trader, or get an education," was Ulysses' response.

"How would you like to go to West Point?" his father asked. "You know the education is free there, and the Government supports the cadets."

"First rate," declared Ulysses promptly.

The following winter Ulysses was sent to school at Ripley, some ten miles from Georgetown. While home during the Christmas vacation his father received a letter. After reading it he said to his son, "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?"

"To West Point. I have applied for it."

Strange as it may seem, the future great commander had no natural inclination whatever toward soldiering, and had made up his mind that he did not want to go to the Military Academy.

"I'll not go," he is said to have replied.

"I think you will," responded his father.

"And I thought so, too, if he did," relates the general in his "Memoirs." The humorous remark hinted at the strict discipline in the Grant family, as well as the unquestioning respect Ulysses showed his parents' wishes.

Final word came of the appointment to the cadetship, and preparations were begun to send Ulysses away. When the news spread through the village, a good deal of fun was made of it. Some found fault, and asked why a boy had not been chosen who would "be a credit to Georgetown."

Trunks were not to be bought in Georgetown at that time, and one was ordered made by the local "handy man." When it came, it was the cause of another "name" incident for Ulysses. On the cover the maker had traced the young traveler's initials in large brass tacks, "H. U. G."

Like any other lad, Ulysses objected. "The boys at the Academy will call me 'Hug' right from the start-off," he declared. "I won't have it."

Courtesy of the Century Company.

General Grant's Birthplace, Point Pleasant, Ohio. (See page 2.)

And forthwith he pulled out the tacks and rearranged them to read, "U. H. G."

It was in May, 1839, that Ulysses set out for West Point, on what was then a long journey by stage, river steamer, canal boat and train. The canal trip took the young traveler from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg; and at the last-named place Ulysses began his first ride on a railroad. "We traveled at least eighteen miles an hour when at full speed," he wrote home, describing the wonderful experience, "and made the whole distance averaging probably as much as twelve miles an hour. This seemed like annihilating space."

He spent several days in Philadelphia, and "saw about everything in the city"; which was "kept so clean," he wrote, "that it looks as though it were always fixed up for Sunday."

He stopped with relatives, two elderly ladies, who afterwards described him as a "rather awkward country boy, wearing plain, ill-fitting clothes, and coarse shoes which were as broad at the toes as at the widest part of the soles."

Continuing his journey, Ulysses spent some time in New York, and finally reached West Point on the 26th of May. He stopped that night at Roe's Hotel, and registered as "U. H. Grant." The following morning he reported to the adju-

tant's office at the Military Academy. He signed himself on the books there as "Ulysses Hiram Grant."

This brings us to the accident by which he became known for all time as "U. S. Grant."

The Hon. Thomas Hamer, who had the appointment of the cadetship, received the request for the nomination from Ulysses Grant's father only the day before the close of his term at Washington. He wrote hurriedly to the Secretary of War, and, knowing only that the boy's name was Ulysses, made a guess that his middle name would be the maiden name of his mother, Simpson. Therefore he wrote "Ulysses Simpson Grant."

This was the name Ulysses found on the papers forwarded from Washington to West Point. He asked to have the name corrected, but the adjutant declared a change could not be made without the consent of the Secretary of War.

"Very well," said Ulysses. "An initial or more does not matter."

And thus it was that the initials of the future great general and president became those of his country, "U. S." Grant.

When he had filled in the necessary papers at the Academy office, Ulysses was sent to the old South

Barracks, to report to the cadet officers. On the way he received his first lesson in what a freshman, or "plebe," was to expect at the Academy. He was greeted with derisive yells, such as "What an animal!" "Who is your tailor?" "Does your mother know you're out?"

At headquarters the cadet corporals took charge of him. He was told that the first duty of a soldier was to stand erect. He was ordered to "throw out his chest," and "fix his eyes on a tack in the wall." Then various questions were asked in a seemingly polite manner,

"Mr. Grant, what have you brought from home?"

Naturally he turned toward the speaker. In a yell he was ordered to "Keep your eyes to the front, sir!"

He was told that the second duty of a cadet was to keep his eyes to the front if the heavens fell. He was made to "fin out" — to place his little fingers to the seams of his trousers, and turn his palms to the front. After a further mixture of hazing and instruction he was sent to the quartermaster for his outfit.

This consisted of two blankets, a pillow, a water-pail, a broom, a chair, etc. All these articles he was compelled to carry, on the handle of the

broom, past the officers' quarters, then past the cadets, who looked on and shouted various comments.

West Point of those days was a primitive establishment compared to the West Point of to-day. For two weeks, with other newcomers, Cadet Grant slept on the floor, on two thin blankets, in an upper room of the old North Barracks. Rufus Ingalls was his roommate.

It was a disappointing introduction to the interesting life Ulysses had anticipated. Most of the boys, like himself, had come long distances, were away from home for the first time, and so at times were much depressed and homesick. The drill and the setting-up exercises were severe, and the upper-classmen indulged in continuous hazing, or "plebe jumping."

The homemade clothing of many of the new cadets was one object of much joking. For uniforms were not given out until the preliminary examinations were passed.

Somewhat to Ulysses' surprise, he passed these preliminary tests without trouble. At once he was given his uniform, and recognized as a full-fledged West Pointer.

When the list of new cadets was posted in the hall of the barracks, a group of senior cadets

gathered to read them. The name U. S. Grant attracted attention immediately.

"United States Grant," read one.

"Uncle Sam Grant," read another.

The last name stuck. And so, during his years at the Academy, and later as a young officer in the army, Ulysses was known as "Sam Grant."

CHAPTER III

A West Point Cadet

There is not a great deal on record concerning Ulysses Grant's life at West Point. His experiences were probably the same as those of other young cadets, and his first day was a fair example of his first year. The drill was hard, discipline was strict, between times there was study; and the senior cadets lost no opportunity of impressing on the seventeen-year-old "plebe" that he was of little consequence.

The day began with "Reveille" at 5 A.M. in the summer, and an hour later in winter. Roll call followed, after that the cleaning of arms and accouterments, and inspection of rooms thirty minutes after roll call. Then came a study-hour of lessons to be recited during the morning.

At 7 o'clock the breakfast bugle was blown, and the cadets marched to the dining hall. "Troop" and guard mounting followed at 7.30, and morning parade at 8 when in summer camp. Recitation and study filled the remainder of the morning

until dinner call, at 1 o'clock. A half hour's recreation followed dinner, then study or drawing till 4, military exercises for an hour or more, and again a short "recess." Evening parade was held at sunset, then came the call for supper. A half hour later "Quarters" was sounded, which meant study till 9.30. Taps, or lights out, was blown at 10.

So it will be seen that life at West Point in 1839 was no "snap."

In addition to their other work, the cadets had to make their own beds, carry water for their rooms, and scrub the floors. Floor scrubbing was the regular order for each Saturday.

The food at that time was far from the best. A fellow cadet of Grant's, General Franklin, described it thus: —

"Breakfast was quite generally hashed beef, with coffee. Dinner, roast beef or boiled beef, with sometimes fish or mutton. Mutton was not a popular dish. We used to 'baa' like a sheep when we came into the dining room. I think we had a table cover, but I am not certain. Of this I am certain: our forks were of the two-tined, bone-handled variety, and from long washing in hot, greasy water they had decomposed, and they gave a horrible smell, which no old cadet can forget as

long as he lives. It was horrible. 'Tea' was largely tea and very little besides, and the boys used to provide for it by sticking a fork into a big hunk of beef from the dinner and jabbing it fast under the table. This, when unperceived by the 'Tack' [tactical officer], helped out the starvation form of 'Tea.'"

The limited fare led to frequent "foraging on the enemy," as it was called. Potatoes, meat, bread, salt, etc., would be smuggled from the table at noon, and enjoyed as a midnight "spread."

The manner of preparing the feast would have caused the mothers of the cadets to raise their hands in horror.

"This stuff we put into a pillowcase, and at night we beat it up with a bayonet, and cooked it over the grate, which was of anthracite coal and quite handy. Our dishes were slices of bread or toast. These were 'cadet hashes,' and were an institution in our day. No man, no cadet officer, in fact, was ever known to refuse an invitation to a cadet hash. I don't particularly recall Grant in this connection, but as he was a farmer boy, and a growing boy, I've no doubt he accepted every possible chance to eat cadet hash."

That Grant was ready for extra "eats" is borne out by another story. One night a chicken was

being roasted in Grant's room, when an officer was heard at the door. Grant hid the chicken and saucepan, and stood at attention before the fire, with face quite impassive. The officer entered. Grant saluted. The officer walked round the room, looking very hard at the ceiling and walls, where nothing could be seen.

"Mr. Grant, I think there is a peculiar smell in your room," he remarked.

"I've noticed it, sir," replied Grant.

"Be careful that something does not catch fire."

"Thank you, sir," said Grant, saluting.

Notwithstanding the hardships of the life, Ulysses did not permit himself to become disgruntled. This is proved by a letter written to a cousin, McKinstry Griffith, when he had been at the Academy some six months. It is a natural, boyish letter, and for the most part very well written, showing the result of reading worth-while books. It also shows a love of fun and humor, and a thoughtfulness for old people that is always a good sign in a boy.

It was dated September 22, 1839: —

DEAR COZ: I was just thinking that you would be right glad to hear from one of your relations who is so far away as I am. So I have put away my algebra and French, and am going to tell you a long story about this prettiest of places,

West Point. So far as it regards natural attractions it is decidedly the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and rivers; all pleasant to look upon . . . but I am not one to show false colors, or the brightest side of the picture, so I will tell you about some of the drawbacks. First, I slept for two months upon one single pair of blankets. Now this sounds romantic, and you may think it very easy, but I tell you what, Coz, it is tremendous hard. . . .

We are now in our quarters. I have a splendid bed [mattress], and get along very well. Our pay is nominally about twenty-eight dollars a month, but we never see a cent of it. If we wish anything, from a shoe string to a coat, we must go to the commandant of the post and get an order for it, or we cannot have it. We have tremendously long and hard lessons to get, in both French and algebra. I study hard, and hope to get along so as to pass the examination in January. The examination is a hard one, they say; but I am not frightened yet. If I am successful here you will not see me for two long years. It seems a long while to me, but time passes off very fast. It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty, which must be performed. On the whole I like the place very much; so much that I would not go away on any account. The fact is, if a man graduates here, he is safe for life, let him go where he will. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible; if I cannot, very well, the world is wide. I have now been here about four months, and have not seen a single familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them. But fudge! confound the pretty girls. I have seen great men, plenty

of them. Let me see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of War and Navy, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs. If I were to come home with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set so tight to my skin as the bark to a tree, and if I do not walk military — that is, if I bend over quickly or run — they are very apt to crack, with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, "Is that a fish or an animal?" You must give my very best love and respect to all my friends, particularly your brothers, Uncles Ross, and Samuel Simpson. You must also write me a long letter in reply to this, and tell me about everything and everybody, including yourself. . . .

I am truly your cousin and obedient servant,

U. H. GRANT.

McKINSTRY GRIFFITH.

N. B. In coming I stopped five days in Philadelphia with our friends. They are all well. Tell Grandmother Simpson that they always have expected to see her before, but have almost given up the idea now. They hope to hear from her often. . . .

When I come home in two years, the way I shall astonish you natives will be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon.

My best respects to Grandmother Simpson. I think often of her. I put this on the margin so that you will remember it better. I want you to show her this letter and all others that I may write to you. . . .

CHAPTER IV

Early Days in the Army

When two years had passed at the Military Academy, Cadet Grant was given his first furlough. In the interval his parents had moved from Georgetown to Bethel, Ohio, a smaller place nearer Cincinnati. Here he returned to them, several inches taller, straighter, and in a neat "undress" uniform, a blue sack coat and white duck trousers. Needless to say, he was quite a hero to his younger brothers and sisters, and to the other boys and girls of Bethel and Georgetown. And like any other boy, Ulysses enjoyed it. His father had bought him a fine young colt to use during his vacation, and he frequently rode over to Georgetown to visit his friends there. Especially, it is said, he went to visit a certain young lady who doubtless was proud to receive a call from the handsome young cadet on his dashing charger.

The vacation passed so happily and quickly that when the end of the summer came Ulysses returned to West Point reluctantly. An addition to the

drill course which was made at that time soon put him in good spirits, however. This was the cavalry drill. His love for horses at once interested him in the new exercises, and he quickly distinguished himself as a rider.

Without any unusual incident the year passed, and the next year; and the spring of 1843 saw Cadet Grant, now twenty-one years old, at the end of his four years of training. He passed his final examinations the twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, with a good record in mathematics and engineering, a fair record in other subjects, and an unusual record as a horseman.

The final test in horsemanship was a jumping contest, in which a hundred cadets took part. One by one they dropped out as the bar was raised, until finally only Cadet Grant was left. His last jump was at a height of five feet, six and a half inches. This mark still stands at the Academy.

General James B. Frye, also of the Civil War, tells of another jumping incident of which Cadet Grant was the leading figure.

"One afternoon in June, 1843," he relates, "while I was at West Point, a candidate for admission to the Military Academy, I wandered into the riding hall, where the members of the graduating class were going through their final mounted

exercises before Major Richard Delafield, the Superintendent, the Academic Board, and a large assemblage of spectators.

"When the regular services were completed, the class, still mounted, was formed in line through the center of the hall. The riding master placed the leaping bar higher than a man's head, and called out, 'Cadet Grant!'

"A clean-faced, slender young fellow, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully-built chestnut-sorrel horse, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the farther end and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace and measured his stride for the great leap before him, bounded into the air, and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast were welded together. The spectators were breathless.

"'Very well done, sir,' growled old Herschberger, the riding master (who seldom permitted himself to be complimentary), and the class was dismissed."

When the feat was spoken of to Cadet Grant, as frequently happened, he always modestly gave the credit to the horse, saying, "Yes, York was a wonderfully good horse."

On leaving West Point, cadets are allowed to

choose the branch of military service they prefer. Naturally, Ulysses Grant chose the cavalry. Unfortunately, however, the cavalry force at the time was very small, and was already over-officered. Consequently, the would-be cavalryman was compelled to become an infantryman, and was made a brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry.

After a short vacation at home, he was ordered to report for duty at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. In 1843 St. Louis was a "far western" town and an important military post. The barracks, situated on a height overlooking the Mississippi River, were large whitewashed stone buildings, arranged in a square. They accommodated a large garrison of sixteen infantry companies.

As elsewhere, Brevet Lieutenant Grant, still quiet, unassuming, and agreeable, became a favorite at once, and soon settled down to a quiet enjoyment of the life there. The routine was not severe, and the young officer found considerable time on his hands.

This fact presently developed an interesting romance. One of Ulysses Grant's roommates at West Point had been a young Southerner, Frederick Dent. The Dent family lived on a fine plantation not far from St. Louis. Not unnaturally, because of his acquaintance with the son, Ulysses found

his way there. And very shortly he was finding his way there for another reason — Miss Julia Dent.

Though generally pleasant, life at the barracks was not all roses. The Fourth Infantry at the time had an officers' dining club, or "officers' mess," of which Captain Robert Buchanan was president. Captain Buchanan was a martinet, and particularly severe upon young officers. It was one of the rules of the mess that any one coming in after soup had been served should be fined a bottle of wine. After Lieutenant Grant began paying serious attentions to Miss Dent, he would frequently get excused from the afternoon parade, ride out to the Dent plantation, and make a call. As a result he was frequently late for dinner. Three times in ten days he appeared "after soup" and was fined. The fourth time he arrived late, Captain Buchanan said, —

"Grant, you are late, as usual; another bottle of wine, sir."

Grant rose quietly and replied,

"Mr. President, I have been fined three bottles of wine within the last ten days, and if I am fined again I shall be obliged to repudiate."

The officer at the head of the table retorted with a show of ill temper,

"Mr. Grant, young people should be seen and not heard, sir!"

The incident was trivial, but later it had serious consequences for the younger officer. It planted in Captain Buchanan's mind the seeds of a dislike which a few years later played a part by affecting the whole subsequent course of Grant's life.

CHAPTER V

In the Mexican War

Graver matters than the unfriendliness of a superior officer, or even a romance, presently loomed up, however. The war with Mexico was brewing. Texas, formerly a part of Mexico, had seceded and set up a government of its own. The Southern states wanted Texas admitted to the Union, and under President Polk's administration she was so admitted. But Mexico never had recognized the independence of Texas. Hence a war between the United States and Mexico resulted.

With other American forces, the Fourth Infantry was ordered from St. Louis to Fort Jessup, in Louisiana; and a year later it was sent, with the army under General Zachary Taylor, to the Rio Grande.

The first part of the campaign that followed is interestingly described in a letter written by Lieutenant Grant from Matamoros, Mexico, June 26, 1846.

From Corpus Christi to Matamoros, both near the Gulf of Mexico, the little army of three thousand

men had to march south "through a long, sandy desert covered with salt ponds," he wrote, "and in one or two instances ponds of drinkable water were separated by a whole day's march. The troops suffered much, but stood it like men. . . .

"About the last of April we got word of the enemy crossing the river, no doubt with the intention of cutting us off from our supplies at Point Isabel. On the 1st of April at 3 o'clock General Taylor started with about 2000 men to go after and escort the wagon train from Point Isabel, and with the determination to cut his way, no matter how superior their numbers.

"Our march on this occasion was as severe as could be made. Until 3 o'clock that night we scarcely halted; then we lay down in the grass and took a little sleep, and marched the balance of the way the next morning. Our march was mostly through grass up to the waist, with a wet and uneven bottom, yet we made thirty miles in much less than a day. . . . The next morning after our arrival at Point Isabel we heard the enemy's artillery playing upon the little field work which we had left garrisoned by the Seventh Infantry and two companies of artillery. This bombardment was kept up for seven days, with a loss of but one killed and four or five wounded on our side. The

loss of the enemy was much greater, though not serious."

On the 7th of May General Taylor left Point Isabel with a provision and ammunition train of two hundred and fifty wagons. The next day, within fourteen miles of Matamoros, they found the enemy drawn up for battle at the edge of a piece of woods known as Palo Alto, or "tall trees," near what is now the Texas border town of Brownsville.

The opening shots of the battle that followed — the future great general's first fight — were fired about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the firing continued until after sunset.

"During the day's fight," the young lieutenant wrote to his parents at home, describing his sensations, "I scarcely thought of being touched myself (although 9-pound shots were whistling all round), until near the close of the evening a shot struck the ranks a little ways in front of me. . . .

"The next morning we found to our surprise that the last rear guard of the enemy was just leaving their ground, the main body having left during the night. From Palo Alto to Matamoros [near the northern border of Mexico] there is for a great part of the way a dense forest of undergrowth, here called chaparral. The Mexicans, after having

Courtesy of the Century Company.

GRANT AS A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

marched a few miles through this, were reënforced by a considerable body of troops. They chose a place on the opposite side from us of a long but narrow pond (called Resaca de la Palma), which gave them greatly the advantage of position. Here they made a stand. The fight was a pellmell affair; everybody for himself. The chaparral is so dense that you may be within five feet of a person and not know it. Our troops rushed forward with shouts of victory, and would kill and drive away the Mexicans from every piece of artillery they could get their eyes on. The Mexicans stood this hot work for over two hours, but with a great loss. When they did retreat there was such a panic among them that they only thought of safety in flight. They made the best of their way for the river, and wherever they struck it they would rush in. Many of them no doubt were drowned.

"Our losses in the two days were 182 killed and wounded. What the loss of the enemy was cannot be ascertained, but I know acres of ground were strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded. I think it would not be an overestimate to say that their loss from killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing was over 2000. . . .

"When we got into the camp of the enemy,

everything showed the great confidence they had of success. They were actually cooking their meal during the fight, and as we have since learned, the women of Matamoros were making preparations for a great festival upon the return of their victorious army. . . ."

In August the expedition under General Taylor left Matamoros, following the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande toward Camargo, on the way to Monterey. The heat was so intense that the traveling was done during the night. Camargo was reached without incident. And here Lieutenant Grant was given new duties. He was made regimental quartermaster — the officer responsible for the food, ammunition, and all other supplies of a regiment. It was a trying position for so young an officer, and showed the high opinion in which he was held by his seniors.

The new duties Grant himself thus described: "Each day after the troop had started, the tents and cooking utensils had to be made into packages so they could be lashed to the backs of mules. Sheet-iron kettles and mess chests were inconvenient articles to transport in that way. It took several hours to get ready to start each morning, and by the time we were ready, some of the mules first loaded would be tired of standing so long

with their loads on their backs. Sometimes one would start to run, bowing his back and kicking up until he had scattered his load; others would lie down and try to disarrange their loads by rolling on them."

As can easily be understood, such experiences would be very trying to the temper. But never once did Lieutenant Grant lose his head. Undoubtedly it was this evenness of disposition that had brought him such an important position. He "made good."

This is the more remarkable since the young quartermaster disliked his task. Regarding it he wrote to his parents: "I do not mean that you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My new post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not and cannot see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty."

Leaving the Rio Grande at Camargo, the little army struck for the uplands, across sandy plains shimmering with heat. The men struggled bravely on, and at length gained the higher country, where the air was cooler, and finally arrived before the city of Monterey, which was about a hundred miles from Camargo.

Monterey was then a place of one-story adobe houses, and had a population of fifteen or twenty thousand. The people were a mixture of Indians and Spanish, and wore high conical hats and bright colored blankets, or serapes. The city was magnificently located, with towering mountains on every side except to the northeast. General Taylor advanced from the east, and camped at a watering place in a grove of pecan and walnut trees three miles from the town.

A level plain that lay between offered an easy approach for the American army, but overlooking the plain was a very strong fortress, encircled by a deep ditch. West of this fortress, called the Black Fort, because it was built of a black stone, was another strongly-built fortification known as the Bishop's Palace. On higher ground beyond the Palace were posted a large number of field guns.

To defend this strong position the Mexican general had more than ten thousand men. General Taylor, however, did not hesitate to attack with his little army of three thousand. He sent officers forward, who returned and reported that the hill on which the Bishop's Palace stood could be stormed from the southwest. If the Palace could be taken, its guns could then be turned against the other forts, and against the town itself.

General Taylor directed General Worth to lead his division and make the assault. The men went forward eagerly, in extended order, and quickly there was a crackling of rifles, then the crashing of guns. The American artillery was pushed forward into a ravine from which they could shell the Black Fort, and soon they were replying vigorously to the Mexican fire.

Meantime, Lieutenant Grant, who as quartermaster had no business in the firing line, had been looking on from the rear. Finally he could stand it no longer, and, jumping upon a horse, dashed to the front on his own account.

Just as he arrived the infantry were ordered to charge for the Black Fort. Grant joined them, and urged his horse forward. At once the air seemed full of whistling bullets, from the fort and from the city housetops. Men began falling rapidly. The firing increased as they drew nearer, and more men fell. The line faltered. Seeing that his men could not reach the fort, the officer commanding swung the attack toward the city.

Partly encircling the town at this point was a deep ravine. Crossing the ravine were several bridges. These were defended by strong forces of the enemy. The Americans charged, and were met by a terrific fire. Determinedly they held on,

however, gained one of the bridges, and forced their way across. With the foremost went Lieutenant Grant, still on his horse.

They were now in the city, but matters were worse. Every house was a fort, with the defenders firing from the windows and from behind sandbags piled on the flat roofs.

In the center of the town was a plaza, or open square, containing the city buildings. Here was the main point of defense, and the attackers headed for it. The streets were swept by the guns located in the square. By quick rushes from corner to corner, ten companies under Colonel Garland forced their way ahead, and reached the last barricade defending the square. Here they were brought to a standstill. Because of the hail of fire they could neither press on nor withdraw. To make matters worse, their ammunition began to give out.

It became necessary to send back word of their situation. Colonel Garland called for volunteers.

"Men, I've got to send some one back to General Twiggs. It's a dangerous job, and I don't like to order any man to do it. Who'll volunteer?"

Promptly Lieutenant Grant offered himself. "I've got a horse," he said.

"You're just the man to do it. Keep on the side streets, and ride hard," directed the colonel.

Grant's ability as a rider now stood him in good stead. Like an Indian of the plains, he swung sideways from his saddle, and, with one heel behind the cantle and one hand in his horse's mane, hanging out of sight, he dashed at full speed down a cross street. At every corner a volley was directed at him from the plaza. But he flashed by too quickly for effective aim, swung down a lane, went over a four-foot wall at a leap, and finally raced out of the zone of fire. Regaining his seat, he dashed on at headlong speed, and a few minutes later drew up before General Twiggs with his message.

At nightfall the fighting ceased, to be resumed at daylight. For a time the Mexicans continued to defend their positions stoutly, but at last gave up the struggle, and surrendered.

Lieutenant Grant's ride for ammunition was one of the most talked of episodes of the battle. His modest, "I've got a horse," did not divert praise from where it belonged.

CHAPTER VI

Exploits in Mexico

After the capture of Monterey there was a lull in the war for about six months, at the end of which time General Winfield Scott, the commander in chief of the United States Army, was sent to take personal charge of the campaign in Mexico. General Scott arrived at the mouth of the Rio Grande late in December, 1846, and issued an order withdrawing all the regular troops from General Taylor's command, leaving only the volunteers. His purpose was to invade Mexico by way of Vera Cruz, a coast city far to the south.

With other regular regiments, the Fourth Infantry was brought back from Monterey, and with it Acting Quartermaster Grant.

For several weeks the army camped on the sand beach at the mouth of the Rio Grande, waiting for transports. When the vessels came, they proved to be sailing freighters, with very little accommodation for passengers. In consequence the voyage southward across the Gulf of Mexico was most tedious.

The first destination of the fleet was not Vera Cruz itself, but the harbor of Anton Lizador, sixteen miles south. It was the 9th of March, 1847, when the army of ten thousand men landed at a point three miles from the city.

At that time Vera Cruz was entirely surrounded on the land side by a wall. Along the wall at intervals were fortifications. On an island in the harbor, facing the city a half mile away, was a fortress of great strength, San Juan de Ulloa.

Altogether, the city was strongly defended; and the invading army made their camp well out of range of its guns. During the night their artillery was moved forward, and early in the morning began the bombardment. There was no infantry fighting. The cannonade lasted until the 27th of March, when a considerable breach was made in the walls. The Mexicans decided not to wait for an assault. The governor sent out a flag of truce, and on the 29th the Americans marched in and took possession.

Five thousand prisoners of war were taken, four hundred pieces of artillery, and large quantities of small arms and ammunition.

During the siege Lieutenant Grant continued at his duties as quartermaster, but at every opportunity he made his way to the artillery firing line, to watch operations.

Vera Cruz was a most unhealthy city in 1847, and as the yellow fever season was approaching, General Scott determined to move on for Mexico City without delay. The first division of the army left on April 8, heading west for Jalapa. General Worth's division, to which Lieutenant Grant's regiment belonged, followed five days later.

The first division, under General Twiggs, encountered the enemy in force under the Mexican president, Santa Anna, at Cerro Gordo, fifteen miles east of Jalapa.

The Mexican position was a strong one. It commanded a spur of mountains through which the road from Vera Cruz turned and twisted, with a sheer wall of rock on one side, and a deep chasm on the other. At every bend cannon had been placed and barricades erected.

A direct attack was out of the question, and General Scott sought a way of making a flank attack. He sent out several reconnoitering parties. It is interesting to note that among the young officers in charge of the scouting parties were Captain Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant George B. McClellan, who later were to play such important rôles on opposite sides of a greater struggle.

The scouting parties decided that it would be possible to cut a path down one wall of a certain

ravine and up the other, and thus reach a point looking down on the rear of the enemy's position. The cutting of the path proved difficult and dangerous work, particularly as it had to be carried on only at night. But in the end it was accomplished, and General Scott gave the order for the attack. At the same time he directed General Pillow to attack at another point, to draw the enemy's attention.

The engineers who had made the path led the way, and the troops followed. The artillery was lowered into the ravine by ropes, and hoisted up the opposite wall in the same manner.

Without alarming the unsuspecting enemy, the attacking party gained the opposite height, and made their way to the point aimed at, which was behind the Mexican lines. They opened fire. The surprise was complete. In a wild panic the Mexican reserve force behind the breastworks fled, and those defending the barricades threw down their arms and surrendered. The total number to give themselves up was three thousand. Besides the prisoners, a large number of cannon, small arms, and stores were taken.

One prize created much amusement — the Mexican president's wooden leg. It was found in his carriage, together with a considerable sum of money.

With the main Mexican army thus disposed of, the Americans pushed on, and occupied Jalapa. This town is described as one of the most beautiful in Mexico, with an unusually pleasant climate, because of its altitude. The invading army was glad to rest here for several weeks; then it moved to the southwest, and occupied Puebla, the second largest city in the country, without opposition.

From Puebla the march westward continued, and in August the invaders passed the last mountain barrier and looked down on a magnificent green plain, dotted with lakes and villages, and in its midst the beautiful City of Mexico.

At a little Indian village on the shore of Lake Chalco, General Scott established his troops and began to reconnoiter. Two Americans who had lived in the City of Mexico offered themselves as guides. These guides explained the defenses of the city. It was entirely surrounded by dikes and ditches; at certain points were bridges and gates, defended by fortifications.

After considering the situation, General Scott decided to move around the southern shores of the intervening lakes, and attack the city from the rear. A roadway encircled Lake Chalco, close to the mountains. The army followed this road, and reached a little Indian town about ten miles from the city.

West of this village was an old lava bed, so rough and overgrown with cactus that the Mexicans believed no one could pass through it. The American engineers soon found a way across, however, and early one morning the troops appeared before the town of Contreras, ten or twelve miles from the City of Mexico, on the opposite side. The Mexican defenders fled in terror at the unexpectedness of the attack, and retreated to the defenses of the city.

The next outlying stronghold of the city defenses was the church and convent of Churubusco, which had been turned into forts. The church building, surrounded by a high wall, looked strong enough to withstand a siege. But, at the word from their officers, the Americans dashed forward across an open field, scrambled over the outer earthworks, silenced the cannon, and with ladders poured over the wall.

So impetuous were the American attacks that the Mexicans became demoralized; and had General Scott understood the situation, he could have pressed on and occupied Mexico City itself at once.

Lieutenant Grant, meanwhile, was with another division of the army which had occupied Tacubaya, a little Indian village on the edge of the high ground

about four miles from the city. Here a rocky, wooded point of the plateau extended into the flat lands, and ended in a high, rocky knob. On this knob, which formed a strong natural fortress, towered the fortified castle of Chapultepec. The castle, which was a long, low, thick-walled structure, covered most of the knoll. On the sides and at the base were other supporting fortifications, and a great stone aqueduct, whose archways had been built in to make a solid wall.

Behind the fortress, within the wall formed by the aqueduct, was an old mill — the Molino del Rey — which was used as a cannon foundry. It was a square building with a wide wall surrounding it. This wall was so thick that sheds and houses were built into it.

The whole — the castle, the mill, and the aqueduct — formed the strongest fortress held by the Mexicans.

On the night of September 7 General Worth, who was in command of the division, moved his men as near the mill as possible, and at daybreak a charge was made. The fighting was brief, but desperate. The mill was taken, lost, and retaken several times before it was finally held by the Americans.

Grant again managed to get into the thick of the

fighting. He was one of the first to force his way within the walls surrounding the mill. Most of the Mexicans were fleeing, but on the roof of the mill Grant noticed several of the enemy still firing. Seeing no stairway or ladder to the roof, he called some soldiers to help, and dragged a heavy, two-wheeled cart to the side of the building. They raised the shafts against the wall, chocked the wheels so that the cart would not roll back, and scrambled up the narrow shafts as if they were ladders.

The young officer's description of what followed is characteristic of his honesty in giving credit to others: —

"I climbed to the roof of the building, followed by a few of the men, but found a private soldier had preceded me by some other way. There were still quite a number of Mexicans on the roof, among them a major and five or six officers of lower grades, who had not succeeded in getting away before our troops occupied the building. They still had their arms, while the soldier before mentioned was walking as sentry, guarding the prisoners he had surrounded all by himself."

Another incident of the fight was related by Captain Longstreet: —

"His [Grant's] friend Dent was shot, and es-

caped being killed by Grant's intervention. While pursuing the Mexicans, who were crowding into the mill for safety, he stumbled over his friend, who was lying on the floor with a wound in the thigh. Just as he was stooping to examine Dent's wound, Grant came face to face with a Mexican with musket raised to fire. The Mexican wheeled to escape, and seeing Lieutenant Thorn standing between him and the door, was about to fire when Grant shouted a warning. The Mexican was killed by Thorn; then all the squad rushed through into the enclosure of the mill, hot on the track of the fleeing Mexicans. The charge had been so impetuous that those who were behind the parapets on the roof of the mill could not escape. They were treed like wildcats on the walls. Grant was everywhere on the field. He was always cool, swift, and unhurried in battle. He was as unconcerned apparently as if it were a hailstorm instead of a storm of bullets. I had occasion to observe his superb courage under fire. So remarkable was his bravery that mention was made of it in the official reports, and I heard his colonel say, 'There goes a man of fire.'"

The capture of the mill proved only a temporary success. The cannon on the castle of Chapultepec got the range, and poured so heavy a fire into the

mill that the captors were compelled to withdraw. Volunteers were then called for to make an attack on the castle itself.

This was a desperate undertaking. It seemed that the fortress, in the hands of a few determined men, should have held out against an army of thousands. It loomed high over the defenses at its base, and cannon projected grimly from its parapets and from openings down the face of the walls. Yet volunteers came forward readily, and two columns of two hundred and fifty men each were formed.

At the word, one party dashed forward, and proceeded coolly to dig its way through the built-in archways of the old aqueduct. They got through, and with a cheer started for the inner defenses. The second party made for the south side of the castle. Disregarding the murderous fire poured down upon them, they gained and scrambled over the outer earthworks and ditches, clambering up the walls in the very face of the cannon. Nothing could stop them, and the defenders of the castle gave up the fight and fled wildly.

The main body of the attacking force now took up the pursuit and followed the fleeing Mexicans toward Mexico City.

Lieutenant Grant, who as usual had been in

the midst of the fighting, joined the most advanced party, pushing north along a road which followed the aqueduct toward the San Cosme gate. Beyond the castle the arches of the aqueduct had not been built in. The Americans took advantage of this, and dashed forward from one archway to another. The resistance offered was not serious until they drew near a point at which the aqueduct took an abrupt turn, following a road that ran eastward toward the city. Here they were met by artillery fire from an earthwork at the crossing of the two roads, and by rifle fire from the tops of houses beyond. The fire was so heavy that the little advance party was brought to a halt, and had to seek shelter in an arch.

Not far away, at the southwest corner of the crossroads, was a house surrounded by a stone wall. Lieutenant Grant determined to reconnoiter in that direction. When a lull came in the firing, he dashed across the road and got under cover of the wall. He passed along to its southwestern corner and peeped about. No one was in sight. He crept on along the wall to the northern corner, and again looked about cautiously, this time straight down the road to the east. He could see directly behind the earthwork at the crossroad from which the cannon was firing.

Grant lost no time in hastening back to his companions and calling for volunteers. A dozen responded. He ordered the remainder to keep up a sharp fire on every head showing above the earthwork. The volunteers made a dash across the road and gained the stone wall.

Before the party had reached the point it was heading for, they were joined by a second detachment of men who had been making their way along a near-by ditch. Grant explained his purpose to the officer in command of this detachment, and the officer, although his senior in rank, told him to proceed and to lead the way.

Grant did so, and a few minutes later the whole party suddenly sprang into the road north of the wall and opened fire on the enemy at the crossroads. With cries of surprise and fright the Mexicans retreated precipitately, leaving their cannon. The men on the housetops beyond followed. The attacking party, joined by the men from the arches, pursued the enemy so closely that they captured a second earthwork farther along the road before the Mexicans could rally.

Later in the day Lieutenant Grant carried out an even more daring and successful feat. Reconnoitering to the south of the San Cosme road, he discovered a church, the belfry of which, it

seemed to him, would command the San Cosme gate into the city. He returned and secured a small mountain howitzer and a number of men, and started again for the church. For easier carrying, the gun was taken to pieces.

The San Cosme road itself being still in possession of the enemy, the little squad of Americans had to take to the fields to reach their destination. This took them over several ditches breast-deep with water and filled with a thick growth of tropical water plants. They struggled through without mishap and arrived at the church.

With difficulty the gun was carried up into the belfry. There it was put together. When all was ready, it was trained through a belfry window and the gunners opened fire on the houses beyond the San Cosme gate. The Mexicans were dumbfounded, and the attack from the strange and lofty fortress soon began to tell on their resistance.

General Worth, who witnessed the exploit, was so gratified that he sent for Lieutenant Grant and complimented him.

And the City of Mexico surrendered that night. In the morning the United States troops entered and took possession, and the Mexican War was virtually at an end.

In later years, when writing of the Mexican campaign, General Grant's generosity and fairness toward his opponents is shown by his words of praise for the Mexican soldier: "The private soldier was picked from the lower class of the inhabitants," he wrote; "his consent was not asked; he was poorly clothed, worse fed, and seldom paid. . . . With all this, I have seen as brave stands made by some of these men as I have ever seen made by soldiers."

CHAPTER VII

Out of the Army

The war over, Quartermaster Grant, now a brevet captain, returned to New Orleans with his regiment. Shortly after the regiment was ordered north to posts on the Great Lakes, but Captain Grant procured a leave of absence, and set out on a much more important mission.

Before leaving for Mexico he had secured the promise of Miss Julia Dent to become his wife. He now asked her to keep her word, and they were married quietly in St. Louis, on the 22d of August, 1848.

The honeymoon was spent at the Grant home in Bethel and in visiting friends and relatives in Georgetown, Bantam, and other places. Everywhere the young "veteran" was made much of, particularly in the home of his boyhood, Georgetown. There the people who had called him "Useless," and who had declared he would never amount to anything, were the first to acclaim him a hero.

The happy furlough passed quickly, and in November the young officer took his bride with him and joined his regiment at Detroit. He was still regimental quartermaster. This fact should have held him at Detroit, but presently, through some favoritism or jealousy, he was ordered by his commander to the small, lonesome post at Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario.

Again Grant's evenness of disposition showed itself. Instead of becoming morose and disagreeable because of his unfair treatment, he bore himself in a way that quickly made an agreeable impression on the men under him. In later years he was remembered by one of them as a "mild spoken man who always asked his men to do their duty, and never ordered them in an offensive way." "He was very sociable — always talked to a man freely and without putting on the airs of a superior officer," said another. At the same time he was a strict disciplinarian.

At that time Grant wore his hair rather long, but had shaved the beard he had allowed to grow during the campaign in Mexico.

"He lived very modestly — he couldn't afford to do anything else on his pay — but his wife made his quarters cozy and homelike. His only dissipation was in owning a fast horse. He still had a

passion for horses, and was willing to pay a high price to get a fine one."

During the monotonous life at Sackett's Harbor Grant became an expert checker-player. It is related that he occasionally rode over to Watertown, ten miles away, to meet the local checker champion, a shoemaker. The two arranged a series of games, and it was agreed, it is said, that in the event of a draw the victory would be decided by a footrace. The contest proved a tie, and consequently Captain Grant and the shoemaker ran a race. Grant won easily, without removing the long riding-duster he wore.

In the spring Grant was returned to his proper post at Detroit, thanks to the intervention of his former commander in Mexico, General Scott. The succeeding three years passed uneventfully, save for the arrival to Captain and Mrs. Grant of a little son, whom they called Frederick Dent Grant. In the spring of 1852 the Fourth Infantry was ordered to the Pacific coast. The Grants decided that it would be unwise for Mrs. Grant and her little son to make the long and fatiguing journey, and accordingly the young officer sorrowfully left his wife behind with his father and mother, at Bethel, Ohio. In April the regiment was assembled at Governor's Island, in New York Harbor; on the

5th of July it sailed aboard the steamship *Ohio* for the Isthmus of Panama.

The troops landed at Aspinwall — now Colon — to cross the Isthmus there and take ship again on the Pacific side.

And now came a supreme test of Grant's patience and general resourcefulness as quartermaster. Upon him fell the responsibility of moving the troops, their wives and families, and the baggage and regimental equipment.

To begin with, the rainy season was at its height. The streets of Aspinwall were eight or ten inches under water, and rain was falling heavily every day, except for intervals when the sun broke through with blazing heat. Worse yet, cholera had appeared.

Grant "wondered how any person could live many months in Aspinwall, and wondered still more why any one tried."

The Panama Railroad had been completed only as far as the Chágres River. From that point passengers were taken by boats poled slowly up the river by natives to Gorgona. From Gorgona they traveled by mules the remainder of the distance to Panama, about twenty-five miles.

Hastening matters as much as possible, Grant succeeded in getting the troops away from Aspin-

wall and as far as Gorgona. Here his real difficulties began. The mules which had been contracted for were not on hand, and the agent who was to provide them declared that they were not to be had. A consultation was held, and it was decided to march the troops the remainder of the distance, with the exception of one company, which should remain to assist with the baggage.

The regiment departed, and Grant was left with the one company, the soldiers with families, and the tents and other equipment. He began searching for the necessary mules on his own account.

Before he had succeeded, cholera appeared among the soldiers left with him. Grant determined to allow those who were still able to follow the remainder of the regiment at once, on foot, to remove them from danger. The doctors went with them, and the young quartermaster was left entirely alone with the sick and dying among the soldiers and their families.

It was a week later when Grant's continued efforts resulted in locating mules among the natives. With this aid the party at last started for Panama; but by the time they reached the Pacific one third of their number had succumbed to the dread disease.

At Panama Grant learned that the cholera had broken out among the troops who had preceded him, and who had boarded the waiting troop-ship. An ordinary man would have been utterly discouraged. Our young quartermaster, however, tackled his new difficulties with the same patience and courage that he had previously shown.

Besides the ordinary provisions, it was now his duty to provide all the necessary hospital facilities and medicines. For a time there were twelve or fifteen deaths daily, and fifty or sixty dangerously sick patients crowding the limited quarters of the plague-stricken vessel.

"Grant seemed to be a man of iron in endurance, seldom sleeping, and then only for two or three hours at a time," said a member of the regiment, later. "Yet his work was always done, and his supplies always ample, and at hand." He did more than merely fulfill his duties. "He seemed to take a personal interest in every sick man. He was like a ministering angel to us all."

When the plague was at last checked, one hundred and fifty men, or one seventh of the regiment, had died. The troop-ship, the *Golden Gate*, then began its northward voyage, and arrived safely at San Francisco. A few weeks later the Fourth Infantry was in permanent quarters at Fort Van-

couver, on the Columbia River, near the site of what is now Portland.

After the harrowing experiences of the long journey from New York, life was very quiet and uneventful at the army post. There was no trouble with the Indians, and Brevet Captain Grant had only the routine of his duties as quartermaster to occupy him.

To make use of the time on his hands, and also to add something to his modest salary, Grant went into a farming venture with a young brother officer, Lieutenant Wallen. The venture was first suggested by the fact that at Fort Vancouver potatoes were selling at eight and nine dollars a bushel.

The partners rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, plowed it, and planted and raised a fine crop. With visions of a snug fortune, they set about looking for a market, and discovered that every one else had raised potatoes! Instead of being worth eight or nine dollars a bushel, the crop could not be sold at any price. Indeed, the partners lost money by the venture; for they finally had to pay a farmer for hauling the potatoes away, to prevent them decaying.

During the following winter word reached Fort Vancouver that ice was bringing a fabulous price in San Francisco. Grant and Wallen, with a third

partner, Lieutenant Ingalls, determined to supply the need, and profit accordingly. They cut a hundred tons of ice on the Columbia River, and chartered a brig to carry it to market. The vessel ran into several weeks of adverse winds, and by the time it arrived at San Francisco a large quantity of ice had been brought from Sitka, and the cargo could not be given away.

When a third venture, in cattle buying, had no better result, the partners wisely decided that they had no gift for business, and gave it up. In any case the partnership would have ended that autumn, for in September Grant received his promotion to the full rank of captain, and was assigned to the command of F Company, at Fort Humboldt, two hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco.

The advancement was not the piece of good fortune it at first appeared. Seven months later it led to Captain Grant's retirement from the army.

In after years various explanations were given for Grant's resignation. It was charged by his enemies that his retirement was due to intemperance. Unfortunately, there appears to have been just sufficient excuse to give such stories an appearance of truth. But it is equally certain, if the stories did have some foundation, that Grant

manfully and splendidly conquered a weakness that might have betrayed many young men under like discouraging circumstances. It is possible that our general's greatest battle and greatest victory have never been put into words.

Grant's army friends did not accept these stories, however. The reasons they gave for his retirement were mental depression, due to the change from the pleasant surroundings at Fort Vancouver to the monotonous life of a small army post; the longing for the company of his family, as his salary did not permit him to bring them to the coast; and, last but not least, the unfriendliness and general petty tyranny of his new commanding officer. For this officer was the same Captain Buchanan who had shown such a hostile spirit toward Grant at the mess-table in St. Louis, shortly after he had joined the regiment.

One of his old comrades, who met him after his resignation, thought Grant had acted hastily, in a moment of disgust, without giving the step proper consideration.

"Grant," he said, "spoke of his longing for the quiet life of a farmer, and it was apparent to me that his boyhood ambition to be a tiller of the soil had returned. I never knew a man better than I knew Grant, and I never knew a better man."

It was in April, 1854, that Grant left the army. He made his way to New York, by way of the Isthmus, and reached his father's home in Ohio practically penniless. It was a sad home-coming.

The years that immediately followed were no happier than their unfortunate beginning. His experience in the army seemingly had unfitted Grant for success in everyday life. Everything he attempted ended in disaster.

First he tried farming, upon land near St. Louis which his wife had inherited. He cleared it, and built a log house, with the assistance of his neighbors. Because of the hard work it cost, he called the new home "Hardscrabble." Besides farming, he cut and hauled firewood for sale in the city.

Next he tried selling real estate. At this also he failed, and in 1860 he took a position as clerk under a younger brother, Simpson Grant, in a branch of his father's tanning business at Galena, Illinois.

Colonel Nicholas Smith tells a story of Captain Grant in Galena which shows that Grant's thoughtfulness for others had not been affected by his misfortunes. Colonel Smith was then an apprentice in a Galena harness-shop.

"I had been in the shop but a short time," he relates, "when one morning the foreman told me

to go to Grant's and get some 'strap oil.' On entering the store the only person I saw was a man wearing an army overcoat of blue, reading a paper. He asked what I wanted, and I answered that I had been sent for some strap oil. Instantly he grasped the meaning of this, and in a quiet, kindly way he replied, 'You may tell your foreman that the firm has no strap oil this morning.' This was a great disappointment to the harness-shop force." Of course they were waiting to see the young apprentice return much faster than he went.

Another story shows that Captain Grant had retained his courage as well as his kindness. Like other firms, the Grants occasionally had difficulties with dishonest debtors. One such firm in Wisconsin had bought goods from them on credit and then disposed of the shipment by a false bill of sale. Captain Grant was sent to collect the bill or to recover the goods by law. Investigation proved the bill of sale to be fraudulent, and a writ was given a deputy sheriff, who, with an attorney and the captain, proceeded to the building in which the goods were stored. The pretended purchaser, having heard that one of the Grants was in town, armed himself with a gun, hastened to the store, locked the door, and waited for the coming of the officer. When the deputy arrived and attempted to

serve the papers, a threat to shoot came from within. The sheriff was at a loss what to do.

"Mr. Deputy," suggested Captain Grant, "if you are afraid to force an entrance into the building, why not deputize some one who will do it for you?"

"Very well, I deputize you," replied the sheriff.

Grant stepped back, and disregarding the repeated threat of the man in the store, ran at the door and rammed it with his foot. With a crash it flew open. They entered, served the papers on the cowed defender, and recovered the goods.

In speaking of these trying years we should not forget Grant's wife. Although brought up amid the comfortable surroundings of a Southern plantation, she found no fault with the disappointments and trials that followed Grant's return from the coast. Through years that must have been full of discouragement for her, she comforted and encouraged her husband, and performed faithfully and lovingly all her duties in the humble home he provided. These duties had not decreased, since their little family now consisted of three boys and a baby girl.

CHAPTER VIII

Early Days of the Civil War

The excitement that affected the whole country previous to the outbreak of the Civil War did not miss Galena.

A few days after the firing on Fort Sumter a packed, excited meeting was held in the court-house, and heated speeches were delivered. Captain Grant was present, but no move was made to enlist volunteers for the expected struggle, and he took no part. He was a man of action and not of words.

Two days later a second meeting was held, and Captain Grant was called to act as chairman. He was surprised, and advanced to the platform hesitatingly. He is described as being at that time a "shortish man, slightly stooping, carrying his head a little to one side." He wore a closely trimmed beard, light brown in color.

A speech was called for. Grant greatly disliked public speaking, but responded briefly. As always, what he had to say was directly to the point:—

"Fellow-citizens, this meeting is called to organize a company of volunteers to serve the state of Illinois. Before calling upon you to become volunteers, I wish to state just what will be required of you. First of all, unquestioning obedience to your superior officers. The army is not a picnicking party, nor is it an excursion. You will have hard fare. You may be obliged to sleep on the ground after long marches in the rain and snow. Many of the orders of your superiors will seem to you unjust, and yet they must be borne. If an injustice is really done you, however, there are courts-martial where your wrongs can be investigated and offenders punished. If you put your name down here, it should be in full understanding of what the act means. In conclusion, let me say that so far as I can I will aid the company, and I intend to reënlist in the service myself."

Recruiting began immediately. When the company was completed the command of it was offered to Captain Grant. He declined. With all his practical military experience, he felt he could be used in a higher rank, when so few experienced military men were available. His sole idea was to be useful.

When the Galena company departed for Spring-

field, Grant went with them, bearing a letter of introduction to Governor Yates.

Springfield, the state capital, was full of people and excitement. In response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, troops were pouring in, and all was buzz and activity. Governor Yates's office was crowded when Captain Grant made his way there. After waiting for several hours he was received, and offered his services in any capacity. To his surprise and disappointment the governor replied shortly, "I'm sorry to say, Captain, there is nothing for you to do. Call again."

Unfortunately for him, Captain Grant, "rather small and a little stooped," did not give the impression of being a capable military man. Also, his modesty prevented him from referring to his experience in the regular army. The chief reason for his being abruptly turned away, however, was the fact that he had no strong political friends; for at that time practically all military appointments were made through political influence.

Captain Grant took his meals at the Chenery House. There he began to make a few acquaintances. Through the natural discussion of military topics he soon impressed a number of these acquaintances with his sound knowledge of mili-

tary matters. However, nothing transpired, and he determined to return to Galena.

Governor Yates took his meals at the same hotel. He had observed Grant's bearing in his conversations with the other guests, and had been impressed by it. The evening Grant had decided to leave, the governor encountered him on the hotel steps.

"Captain Grant," said the governor, "I understand you are going to leave."

"That is my intention," Grant replied.

"I wish you would remain over night, and call at my office in the morning," requested the governor.

With high hopes Grant did as requested, and in the morning presented himself at the governor's office. Instead of the command of a regiment, he was offered a clerk's desk in the office of the adjutant general, at a salary of two dollars a day.

Most men would have refused the position indignantly. Captain Grant accepted it, and sought to make himself as useful as possible. At first he was given the simplest work to do; but despite his modesty, his thorough knowledge of military affairs was evident, and soon he became the general adviser of the whole office.

The ability thus displayed again attracted the

attention of Governor Yates, and Captain Grant was taken from the adjutant's office and made drillmaster at two adjacent mobilization camps. During the temporary absence of General Pope he was made commander at Fort Yates. The next step was an appointment as mustering officer, and he was sent to several distant points to muster in new regiments.

On one of these trips he went to Mattoon and mustered in the regiment from the Seventh Congressional District. This regiment was recruited from the farms, shops, and offices of the district, and at the time of its mustering it was commanded by "Colonel" Simon S. Goode. Goode had joined the regiment as captain of a company from Decatur, and had been elected colonel because of his fine, soldierly bearing. He was tall, straight, and commanding in appearance, and wore a gray flannel shirt, a broad hat, and high boots. In his belt he carried a huge bowie knife and three revolvers. Unfortunately, however, his bearing and dress were his only qualifications as an officer.

It was this regiment that Grant was later given to command. By that time, under the leadership of Goode, it had become completely disorganized. The more unruly of the soldiers had

terrorized the whole surrounding country by their foraging and drinking.

The battalion was ordered to Fort Yates, at Springfield, and here Colonel Grant was directed to take command.

Some ceremony was made of the occasion. On arriving at the camp in the company of Congressman John A. McClernand and John A. Logan, Colonel Grant found the regiment assembled to receive him, and to listen to speeches.

For two hours the two congressmen spoke fervently and brilliantly. At the conclusion of his stirring address, Congressman Logan, a tall, fine-looking man, turned and indicated Grant. "Allow me to present to you your new commander," he said dramatically, "Colonel U. S. Grant."

As the new colonel came forward quietly from the rear of the platform, the soldiers were visibly astonished and disappointed. Beside the man who had introduced him he was almost insignificant. But some of them shouted for a speech.

Grant drew a step nearer, and in a voice not loud, but clear and resolute, said,

"Men, go to your quarters!"

Nothing could have been more effective. The five simple words told the unruly regiment that

their new colonel was a man who would command, and who knew his business.

They had a few more words from him that evening. It had been the custom of the previous colonel, after each day's evening parade, to deliver a grandiloquent address. The speech usually ended with this dramatic appeal:—

"I know that this regiment, men and officers alike, would march with me to the cannon's mouth! But to renew and verify that pledge, the regiment will move forward two paces!"

Colonel Grant said, "A soldier's first duty is to learn to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

The majority of the men of the regiment welcomed their new commander gladly. With a number of them Colonel Grant had some difficulty, particularly with certain men who objected to his order stopping all drinking. He came on the scene when one of the most unruly of these characters, a big, powerful man, was creating a disturbance.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"This man persists in bringing liquor into camp, and refuses to give it up."

"Put him in the guardhouse."

"He resists arrest."

The man struck a defiant attitude toward his commanding officer. Grant strode toward him. The look in his eyes halted the bully. Grant seized him by the collar, swung him about, and before the trouble-maker had collected his wits, hustled him to the gate and out into the road.

"Get out of my regiment," said the colonel. "I don't want you in it. You're not worth disciplining. If you come back, I'll have you shot!"

At one time there were nearly a score of men tied up for leaving camp against orders, and for drunkenness and disorder. Among them was a dangerous man called "Mexico," who cursed his commander, and said, "For every minute I stand here I'll have an ounce of your blood!"

"Gag that man," said Grant quietly.

When the man had been punished sufficiently, Grant, to show him how little he feared him, went and released him himself.

This practically ended the new colonel's troubles with the regiment. The men progressed rapidly in their drill, and on the 3d of July, as the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, were ordered to the front, one of the first corps to be called from the state. By that time the men were proud of their commander, and declared they had the best colonel and the best regiment in the state.

CHAPTER IX

Preliminary Conflicts

The first duty assigned Colonel Grant and his regiment was the uninteresting task of guarding a bridge over the Salt River in Missouri. Then came an order to move against a small force of Confederates under Colonel Thomas Harris which had taken possession of the little town of Florida, some twenty-five miles to the south.

Colonel Grant's own account of this first expedition is interesting. His confession of uneasiness is a fine example of truthfulness, and does not make us think less of him, or doubt his splendid courage.

"While preparations for the move were going on," he wrote, "I felt quite comfortable; but when we got on the road, and found every house deserted I was anything but easy. In the twenty-five miles we had to march we did not see a person, except two horsemen, who . . . decamped as fast as their horses could carry them. I kept my men

in the ranks, and forbade their entering any of the deserted houses and taking anything from them. We halted at night on the road, and proceeded the next morning at an early hour. Harris had been encamped in a creek bottom. . . . The hills on either side of the creek extended to a considerable height, possibly more than a hundred feet. As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois. . . . When we reached a point from which the valley below was fully in view, I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. . . . From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his. The lesson was valuable."

Inquiry in the neighborhood showed that the Confederates had left several days before, and were already some forty miles away. Colonel Grant returned to his old camp at the Salt River bridge, and a short time after was ordered with his regiment farther south to the town of Mexico.

Here Colonel Grant was given command of several additional regiments. One day, during his absence from headquarters, a telegram was received addressed to Brigadier General Grant! It was the first word of his further promotion. When he returned to camp he found his own regiment, the Twenty-first, lined up to receive him. Their cheer for "General Grant" first told him of his new rank.

Shortly following his promotion, General Grant was given command over a district embracing southern Illinois and southeastern Missouri. On the 4th of September he set up his headquarters at Cairo, at the extreme southern point of Illinois. The post at Cairo was in charge of Colonel Richard Oglesby, later governor of Illinois.

When General Grant arrived at Cairo, his brigadier general's uniform had not yet been received, and he was in everyday dress. At the headquarters he found the rooms full of people. Colonel Oglesby, who was in full uniform, thought

him some country stranger with a favor to ask and paid little attention to him. Grant quietly took a place at the table, reached for a piece of paper, and wrote on it an order assuming command of the district. Needless to say, Colonel Oglesby was astonished and apologized profusely.

General Grant at once began to show the energy which characterized him throughout the war. On the day after he assumed command at Cairo one of General Frémont's scouts came in and reported that a force of Confederates had left Columbus, on the Mississippi twenty miles below Cairo, and were marching northeast on Paducah, at the junction of the Ohio and Tennessee rivers. General Grant saw that the holding of Paducah by the enemy would be a serious blow to the Union cause in Kentucky, and that action to prevent it must be taken quickly. He telegraphed to General Frémont at St. Louis, but receiving no reply, he determined to act at once on his own responsibility. There were a large number of steamers lying in the river at Cairo. General Grant took possession of them, ordered steam up, and during the early part of the night sent his troops aboard. The boats started downstream at midnight, and by early morning were before Paducah. The troops landed and found

that the enemy had not yet appeared. They had won the race!

Had General Grant waited a few hours longer, Paducah would have been occupied and fortified by the Confederates, probably with far-reaching results for the Union cause.

A proclamation which General Grant issued to the people of Paducah was perhaps of as much importance as the occupation of the city. The attitude of the state of Kentucky had been a source of great anxiety to the people of the North. General Grant's simple and dignified announcement helped greatly to turn the sentiment to the side of the Union. It also brought Grant to the attention of President Lincoln.

"The man who can write like that," declared the President, after reading Grant's proclamation, "is fitted to command in the West."

The proclamation read as follows:

TO THE CITIZENS OF PADUCAH:

I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen, not to injure or annoy you, but to respect the rights and defend and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common government has taken possession of and planted its guns upon

the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag. Hickman and Columbus are in his hands; he is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assert and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your government and mine. I have nothing to do with opinions. I deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear or hindrance. The strong arm of the government is here to protect its friends and to punish only its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, to maintain the authority of your government, and protect the rights of all its loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command from your city.

U. S. GRANT.

Nothing of importance occurred for two months after the occupation of Paducah by the Union forces. General Grant, whose command had been reënforced to 20,000 men, several times asked General Frémont for permission to continue the campaign by driving the Confederates out of Columbus. General Frémont refused, and himself took the field in the latter part of October against General Price and a Confederate army in Missouri. General Grant was then ordered

to make a demonstration along the Mississippi River, in order to prevent the Confederates in Columbus from sending reënforcements to aid Price. This order brought about General Grant's first battle.

Part of his troops, under General Smith, Grant sent toward Columbus, to threaten that city from the rear. With three thousand men, two squadrons of cavalry, and two guns, he himself started down the river from Cairo by boat. He did not intend to attack Columbus, but merely to make a feint of doing so; for the enemy was there in force, and had strongly fortified the town.

The expedition left Cairo on the evening of November 6, 1861. Early the following morning General Grant learned that Confederate troops were crossing the river from Columbus, apparently to attack Colonel Oglesby, who had gone into Missouri with a small command after the bandit Jeff Thompson. General Grant knew there was a Confederate camp at Belmont, across the river from Columbus. He determined to attack and destroy this camp, in order to create a diversion and prevent the attack on Colonel Oglesby.

About daylight the Union boats crept stealthily down the shore. They reached a point nearly a

mile and a half from the camp, and the troops began debarking. The ground was low and marshy, and heavily timbered except for a few clearings. By eight o'clock all the men were ashore, and the move forward was begun.

In the midst of a thick wood they were discovered by the enemy's skirmishers. At once the firing began. It grew hotter and hotter. The officers and men were under fire for the first time, but they behaved splendidly. Slowly the enemy was pushed back, almost from tree to tree, and after four hours of fierce fighting the Confederates broke and ran.

Then came an unfortunate incident which showed the danger of a lack of discipline. The Northern soldiers, pouring into the Confederate camp, dropped their rifles and began rummaging through the tents for trophies. In vain General Grant endeavored to regain control over them. They refused to listen to words of command.

While this was going on, the Confederates driven from the camp lay crouched under cover of the river bank, ready to surrender when summoned to do so. Finding that they were not pursued, they began working their way up the river under cover, and came out on the bank between the attackers and their transports.

General Grant discovered the threatening situation, and ordered one of his staff officers to fire the tents. When the smoke went up above the trees it at once drew a cannonade from the guns on the heights across the river at Columbus. The men were thrown into a panic, and there was a cry, "We are surrounded!"

"We have cut our way in, and can cut our way out," said General Grant. The confident remark brought officers and men to their senses, and they began an orderly retreat to the transports. The losses were heavy, but they gained the river and got aboard their boats.

General Grant had a narrow escape in regaining his vessel. He was the last to arrive at the river, and the plank which had reached to the top of the steep bank had been pulled in. It was impossible to restore it quickly. Without hesitation the general put his horse over the bank, and the animal slipped down to the water's edge on his haunches. The plank was thrown out and General Grant rode aboard the boat.

Although the Confederates regarded the battle of Belmont as a victory, since the Northern force had withdrawn, General Grant in reality accomplished all he set out to do. The enemy were prevented from sending troops from Columbus

to reënforce those opposed to General Frémont and Colonel Oglesby. They also suffered heavily in killed and wounded, and had many tents and much camp equipment destroyed. General Grant captured two cannon, spiked four, and made one hundred and seventy-five prisoners. His loss in killed, wounded, and missing was four hundred and eighty-five; that of the enemy was six hundred and forty-two.

General Grant was a strict disciplinarian, but he also liked a joke. The following story shows how skillfully he could combine a joke and a reprimand: —

While he was still in Missouri he led an expedition against Jeff Thompson in northeast Arkansas. His advance guard was under a certain Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment. About noon one day the lieutenant and his men came upon a small farmhouse. With two junior officers, Wickfield entered the house and, assuming a commanding air, ordered something to eat "for himself and his staff."

"Who are you?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Brigadier General Grant," said the lieutenant.

The best that the house afforded was spread on the table, and done full justice to.

Some time later General Grant himself came

within sight of the farm. Riding up to the fence in front of the house, he called the woman to the door, and asked if she would cook him a meal.

"No," replied the woman gruffly. "General Grant and his staff have just been here, and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph!" commented General Grant. "What is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

Grant drew a half dollar from his pocket and tossed it to her. "Kindly keep that pie until I send an officer for it," he requested.

That evening, after the troops had gone into camp, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at 6.30 for orders. Such a parade was unusual, and all kinds of exciting rumors began flying about.

The parade was formed, and the acting adjutant general in a loud voice read the following order:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD.

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the —— Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas and Black river and Cape Girardeau road, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry, and eat the pie also.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier General Commanding.

At seven o'clock the crestfallen lieutenant passed out of the camp with his hundred men, to the cheers of the entire army, and returned to the farmhouse to do as directed. Needless to say he did not again pass himself off as "General Grant."

CHAPTER X

The Capture of Fort Donelson

Two days after the battle of Belmont, Major General Halleck was appointed to succeed General Frémont, and General Grant's district was enlarged to take in the mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers.

Up to this time little had been accomplished anywhere by the Union armies. Most of the higher generals appeared content to let matters drift along. General Grant, who was made of different stuff, became impatient. He visited General Halleck at St. Louis and asked permission to attack Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, important points on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. General Halleck's reply to the request was a curt refusal. General Grant was much hurt. But he could not give up the idea of doing something. He consulted Flag Officer Foote, commander of a little fleet of Union gunboats in the river at Cairo. Foote agreed with Grant's plans, and Grant wrote to General Halleck, again

asking permission to attack Fort Henry. This time he was successful, and Halleck told him to proceed with his plan.

The expedition left Cairo on February 2, 1862. It consisted of 17,000 men aboard river boats, and seven gunboats. On February 6 the flotilla was before Fort Henry. The gunboats began the attack at once. So effective was their fire that in little more than an hour the fort ceased replying, and surrendered. The infantry were not needed.

General Grant did not rest with this success. He immediately prepared to attack Fort Donelson with its defending army of 21,000 men. To oppose this force he had 15,000 men and the seven gunboats under Foote.

The gunboats attacked as they had at Fort Henry. This time the Confederate batteries were too much for them. Practically every boat in the fleet was disabled, and Flag Officer Foote was severely injured.

Meanwhile the troops ashore were having an uncomfortable time. The weather was bitterly cold, and the men were without tents. Many of them were without overcoats and blankets. Their belief that General Grant would lead them to success kept them up, however; and further

encouragement came when they were joined by 10,000 fresh troops, with a needed supply of ammunition.

Early on Saturday morning, February 15, General Grant was returning from a call on the wounded commander of the gunboats when he was met by an excited messenger. The aide reported that the Confederates were making a heavy attack on General McClernand's division, on the right of the Union line.

General Grant reached the scene about nine o'clock to find General McClernand's men wavering after an onslaught which had driven them back a considerable distance. As he rode along the lines he overheard one soldier saying to another, "They have come out to fight all day. Their knapsacks are full of grub."

General Grant pulled up his horse. "Bring me one of those knapsacks," he requested.

The knapsacks of several dead Confederates were brought to him. He opened them. Each one contained sufficient food for three days. In a moment General Grant saw the true meaning of it. The enemy were prepared for a three days' march.

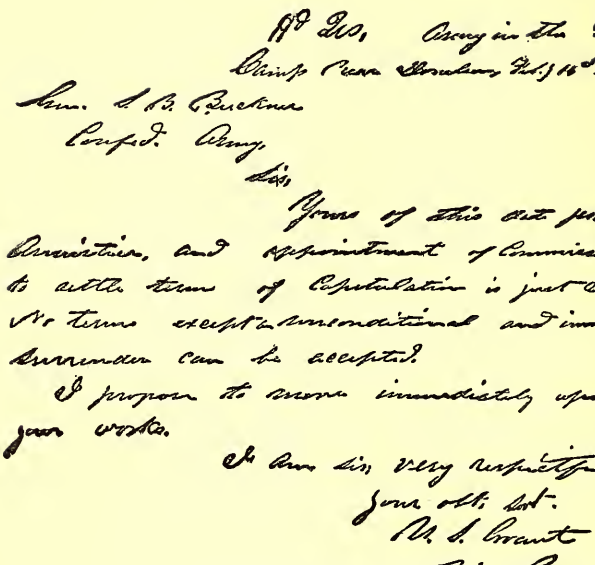
Like the great commander he was, he acted instantly. He turned to the officers of his staff

and explained, "The enemy are attempting to force their way out. The one who attacks first now will be victorious." He turned to Generals McClernand and Wallace, who commanded the Union troops on the right and center of the line. "Gentlemen, the position on our right must be retaken. I shall order an immediate assault on the left. Be ready to advance at the sound of Smith's guns."

As General Grant hastened on down the line, an aide at his direction called out to the men, "Fill your cartridge boxes quick and get into line! The enemy is trying to escape! We must stop him!"

The sharp order put the men once more on their mettle. The order was given to advance, they responded with a cheer, and after desperate fighting the enemy was driven back to their former position close to the fort. The Confederates had had enough. Next morning at dawn General Buckner, the Confederate commander, sent a note to General Grant requesting terms of surrender.

General Grant's reply became famous. One of its businesslike expressions earned for the general yet another popular nickname—"Unconditional Surrender" Grant It read:—



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The Confederate commander surrendered unconditionally. From twelve to fifteen thousand men were made prisoners, and 20,000 rifles, 65 cannon, 3000 horses, and large quantities of stores were taken.

The victory at Fort Donelson, following so quickly after the victory at Fort Henry, was received throughout the country with the greatest

joy. So far the war had been a great disappointment to the people of the North. Nowhere had the Northern armies gained any important success, and gloom had fallen upon the supporters of the Union. The capture of Fort Donelson, and the large number of prisoners taken, filled every one with delight, and almost in a day General Grant became a national hero.

An interesting incident of the surrender was told long afterward by the Confederate General Buckner, whom Grant had known at West Point. "I had at a previous time befriended him," General Buckner said, referring to the occasion of Grant's return to New York, penniless, from the Pacific coast, when Buckner lent him needed money; "and it has been justly said that he never forgot a kindness. I met him on the boat, and he followed me when I went to my quarters. He . . . followed me, with that modesty peculiar to him, into the shadow, and there he tendered me his purse. It seems to me that in the modesty of his nature he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity, and sought to hide it from the world."

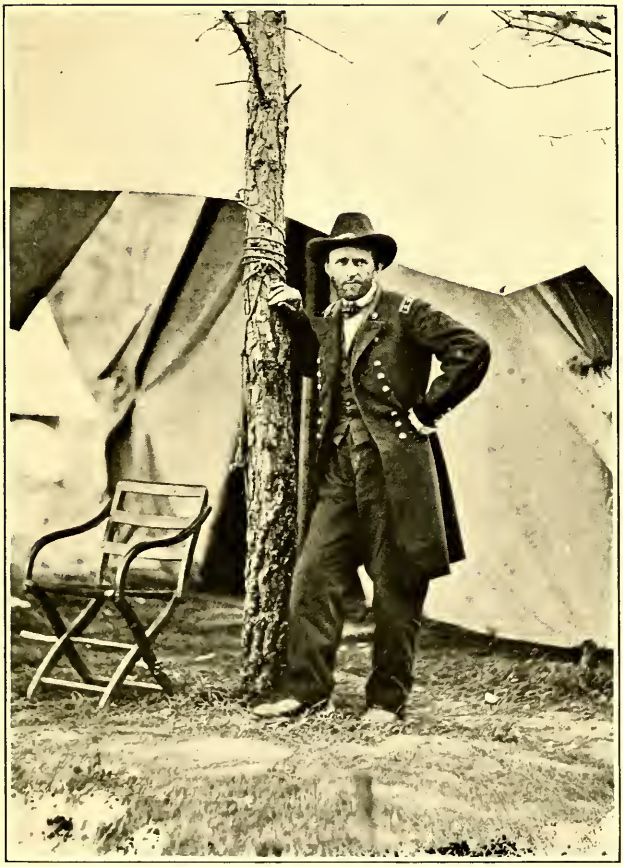
The victory of General Grant at Fort Donelson had one unfortunate result for him. It made him the object of a great deal of envy. General

McClellan's friends claimed the honor for him, as commander in chief; Foote's friends claimed it for him, as a naval victory; Brigadier General McClernand claimed he had borne the brunt of the fighting; and Major General Halleck, who was next in rank over General Grant, thanked every one who had any part in the battle except Grant, and then claimed chief credit for himself.

Secretary of War Stanton was one of the few to place the credit where it belonged. In a letter to Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, he wrote:—

"I cannot suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my office for this action. The glory of our recent victories belongs to the brave soldiers that fought the battles. No share belongs to me. What, under the blessing of Providence, I consider to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end the war was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner: 'I propose to move immediately on your works.'"

While all this heated discussion was going on, General Grant and Commodore Foote were arranging details for an immediate advance on Nashville. Their plans were interrupted by a telegram from General Halleck forbidding Foote



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GENERAL GRANT IN THE CIVIL WAR.

to move his gunboats above Clarksville. Grant read the message in silence and passed it to Foote. "That ends our movement," said Foote.

General Grant then made a trip toward Nashville to confer with General Buell. Before setting out, he telegraphed General Halleck of his intention, unless otherwise ordered. No word came in reply, and he proceeded. General Halleck seized on the opportunity to discredit General Grant. He reported to General McClellan, the commander in chief, that Grant had left his post without permission. "Satisfied with his victory," he wrote, "he sits and enjoys it without regard to the future. I am worn out and tired with his neglect and inefficiency."

On the 2d of March, General Grant was ordered to take his force from Fort Donelson to Fort Henry, for an expedition up the Tennessee River. On reaching Fort Henry, however, he found a message from General Halleck which practically placed him under arrest.

It read: —

"You will place Major General C. F. Smith in command and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?"

General Grant was astounded. It was the first

he knew of General Halleck having asked for the information referred to. The inquiry had not reached him. As directed, however, he turned his command over to General Smith, and asked to be relieved of further duty under General Halleck. Fortunately, Secretary Stanton, at Washington, asked General Halleck for a full explanation of his charges against Grant. Halleck could not support them, and Grant was accordingly restored to his command. This occurred on the 17th of March.

At once General Grant proceeded up the Tennessee River to rejoin his army. He made his headquarters at a small place called Savannah, a few miles north of Pittsburg Landing, where the army had been located by General Smith. Pittsburg Landing, which lay close to the southern border of Tennessee, was merely the end of a road, and a wharf at which steamers could land. The road approached the river through a ravine. The army had been landed at this point because of its nearness to Corinth, on the northern edge of Mississippi, where a strong force of Confederates was gathered.

Grant wished to advance upon Corinth immediately, but General Halleck ordered him to wait at the Landing until General Buell should

arrive with reënforcements from Kentucky. Meanwhile, the Confederate commander, General A. S. Johnston, who had learned of General Buell's approach, laid a plan to "whip Grant before Buell could join him, and then whip Buell."

On Sunday morning, April 6, General Grant was having breakfast at Savannah, where he was expecting a meeting with General Buell. Suddenly through the quiet spring air came a low, jarring sound. A few moments later an orderly appeared, saluted, and said,

"General, there is terrific firing up the river."

General Grant coolly finished his breakfast. By this time the earth seemed to shake with the roar of cannon from the direction of Pittsburg Landing. He directed an orderly to take the horses of his staff to a river boat that was waiting, and wrote a note which he left for Buell.

A few days before, General Grant's horse had slipped on a log and crushed the general's ankle. The ankle was now greatly swollen and very painful. With the aid of a crutch, General Grant made his way to the boat and started up the river. At Crump's Landing he had the boat stopped, and ordered General Lew Wallace, who was camped there, to have his men ready to march at a moment's notice.

They continued, and the thunder of cannon increased to a roar. As Pittsburg Landing drew near, General Grant hobbled to his horse and swung himself into the saddle. They reached the wharf. The moment the gangplank was down General Grant spurred his horse across, and was off at a gallop!

CHAPTER XI

The Battle of Shiloh

Two or three miles from Pittsburg Landing was a small log meetinghouse, known as the Shiloh church. This church was the key to the Union position, and from it the battle took its name.

The fighting had started very early that morning. At three o'clock three companies of Confederate infantry had been sent out from the Southern camp, three miles away. They had met the Union outposts a short distance in front of General Sherman's division, at Shiloh church. The Confederate skirmishers were followed by their main body, and a terrific attack was made. Both General Sherman and General McClernand, in command of the Union center, had been forced to give way, after suffering great loss.

When General Grant arrived on the scene, between eight and nine o'clock, things were looking decidedly black for the Union army. Many of the troops, who had never before heard a shot

fired, were beginning to lose their nerve, and were falling back to the rear, to get under cover of the river bank.

General Grant rode into the thick of the fighting. He encouraged a faltering company here, he gave orders there, he helped to reform stragglers, and led them back to the firing-line. He saw that ammunition was sent where it was needed.

Throughout the morning he was everywhere. But still the men in gray fought their way relentlessly forward. Ground was given, retaken, and given, time and again. Some Union regiments lost all formation. They were mere fighting mobs, still resisting desperately, but brokenly.

By two o'clock General Grant began to experience some anxiety. Neither General Buell nor General Wallace had arrived with their reënforcements. Staff officers were sent to hurry Wallace, and found that he had taken the wrong road from Crump's Landing, and was now farther away from the scene of the fighting than when he had started. Still the frightful din of rifles and cannon continued, and still the recklessly-charging Confederates drove the Union lines nearer the river.

Late in the day General Buell arrived, ahead of his men. Having approached from the rear and seen a considerable body of stragglers under the

shelter of the river bank, he thought the day was lost. His first question to General Grant was,

"What preparations have you made for retreat?"

General Grant was not yet ready to consider himself beaten, however.

"I haven't despaired of whipping them yet," he replied.

When night came, the Union line had been crushed back close to the river bank. The reënforcements of Wallace and Buell had arrived, but too late to be of assistance. A pouring rain was falling, and when the firing ceased the men lay down where they had fought, to get what sleep they could in their drenched clothes.

The darkness did not bring rest for General Grant. Although suffering greatly from his crushed and swollen ankle, as well as from fatigue, he set about visiting each of his division commanders, and planning the resumption of the battle in the morning. He directed the re-forming of the broken Union lines, led General Wallace and General Buell to their positions, and ordered an attack all along the Union front at daybreak.

"Attack with a heavy skirmishing line as soon as it is light enough to see," he directed, "then follow up with your entire command, leaving no reserves."

By midnight he had completed his arrangements. Returning to the Landing, he took the first rest he had known since daybreak of the previous morning. He threw himself on the wet ground under a tree. The rain was still falling heavily, and toward morning he became so chilled that he rose and hobbled to the porch of a log hut. The house was filled with wounded men, and their moans and cries so affected him that he returned to the inadequate shelter of the tree.

It seemed an endless night, but at last dawn broke. He was lifted into his saddle, and again hastened off along the lines. To one of his aides he gave the command: "See that every division moves up to the attack. Press the enemy hard the minute it is light enough to see."

Grant's determination and confidence had worked a wonderful change in the Union troops over night. Notwithstanding their awful experiences of the day before, the remembrance of comrades shot down beside them, the crashing rifle-volleys and the screaming shells, the men sprang again to the conflict. The Confederates fought back bravely and doggedly, but gradually they were forced to give way, just as they, the day before, had forced back the Union ranks.

All the morning and on into the afternoon the

desperate charging and countercharging kept up. And steadily the Union lines continued their advance. It was about three o'clock when the booming of the enemy's guns on the left began to subside. The volleys of musketry came less frequently.

General Grant saw that the deciding moment had arrived. He gathered together two regiments, and himself led them forward toward a part of the Confederate line that was still resisting. When within short range he gave the command to charge. With a wild cheer from the men the line of glittering bayonets swept forward, the enemy broke and ran, and the great battle of Shiloh was won.

It had been won at a heavy cost. Nearly two thousand Union men lay dead in the fields and among the trees, 8408 were wounded, and 2855 were missing. The Confederate loss is not accurately known, but it could not have been less than three thousand killed and a great many more wounded and missing. The dead included their leader, General A. S. Johnston.

General Grant was blamed because of the heavy losses of the Union troops in the battle of Shiloh. But where the fighting was so fiercely determined on both sides, it could not well have been avoided by any generalship. Incidentally the heavy losses

proved the splendid courage of the troops on both sides. It meant that hundreds of men who never before had heard a shot fired in battle, for two days had fought and struggled like veterans, while friends and comrades fell all around them, dead or wounded.

These are not pleasant details, but they are facts that never should be forgotten. These fathers, brothers, and husbands paid this enormous price that our country might be what it is to-day.

The battle of Shiloh showed General Grant to be a great leader of men. No general ever faced a more discouraging outlook than that which confronted him at the end of the first day's fighting. But he never lost his head, never became excited nor discouraged. During the hottest moments of the battle he never indulged in profanity, but spoke quietly and calmly. It was this quiet manner that inspired his men with such confidence in him.

There are many stories told of the battle of Shiloh — or the battle of Pittsburg Landing, as it is also called. Most of them are sad.

"On that peaceful Sunday morning," said one survivor, "I had walked out to enjoy the fresh air, and, returning by my friend Lieutenant D's tent, I called on him. 'Have a cup of coffee with

me,' he invited. 'I have found some milk.' 'Don't care if I do,' said I. 'I always write home on Sunday morning, and like to do it over a good cup of coffee.'

"'I'm going to write my little wife, too,' said D. 'I expect to resign soon. Don't you want a pair of new shoulder-straps and a brand-new pair of gauntlets?'

"That evening D. was lying dead by the roadside at the Landing."

Another sad incident is told of a young Confederate boy-soldier. Doubtless, like many another boy-soldier of the Civil War, he had left home gayly, expecting to return covered with glory, to tell of all kinds of fine adventures. Two days after the battle, General Rousseau entered a hospital tent filled with Confederate wounded. A boyish voice called his name, "General! General Rousseau!"

He turned to discover a handsome lad of about sixteen lying on the bare, hard ground. The boy had been shot through the lungs, and was breathing with great difficulty.

"General, I knew your son Dickey. Where is he?" said the boy hoarsely.

General Rousseau knelt by the lad's side. "Who are you, my son?" he asked.

"I am Eddie McFadden, from Louisville. I knew you, General. I knew your son Dick well. I used to play with him."

General Rousseau was greatly affected. In his mind's eye he could see his own boy lying there, like this lad, his playmate. He did what he could for the wounded boy, and as no blankets were to be had, he sent him his own saddle-blanket to lie upon. The blanket was not needed long, for the little Confederate soon joined the many who went into the Great Beyond from that blood-stained field.

CHAPTER XII

The Occupation of Corinth

General Grant's splendid victory at Shiloh aroused more jealousy. Brigadier General McClernand wrote President Lincoln claiming chief credit, Brigadier General Buell declared he had saved the Union army from flight, and General Halleck, in a message to the secretary of war, gave the credit to General Sherman.

The old stories of Grant's fondness for liquor were revived by his enemies, and it was even declared he had been under the influence of intoxicants during the battle. This, of course, was absolutely untrue, but so much was made of it that President Lincoln was asked to remove General Grant from duty. The President was wiser than his advisers. He did not allow himself to forget that no other general, either in the east or the west, had shown so much energy and such results. So he replied,

"I can't spare Grant; he fights."

General Halleck, however, practically removed Grant for a time. He himself proceeded to Pitts-

burg Landing, and as General Grant's superior in rank, took over the command of Grant's army.

After the battle of Shiloh the Confederates retired to Corinth. There, under General Beauregard, they fortified themselves, and received reënforcements that raised their numbers to 70,000 men.

Against this force General Halleck called for Union reënforcements until he had a grand total of 120,000 men. The command included the Army of the Ohio, under General Bell; the Army of the Mississippi, under General Pope, and the Army of the Tennessee, which General Grant was supposed to lead.

With such a splendid force at his command, the country looked to General Halleck to accomplish great things. There was no reason why he should not.

But he made no forward move. Day after day passed, and he held his great force idle behind earthwork defenses, as though afraid to venture out. Meanwhile, General Grant was little more than a spectator. Halleck ignored him and consulted other junior generals when he wished advice. Suggestions that General Grant offered were treated with contempt.

At last the situation became unbearable, and

General Grant asked to be relieved of duty. General Sherman, who was a true friend and admirer of Grant, heard of it. He hastily found Grant, and after much argument persuaded him to remain.

It was on the 30th of April when General Halleck began to move his army forward toward the Confederate position at Corinth. He proceeded at a snail's pace.

It is scarcely twenty miles from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth. Before the battle of Shiloh General Johnston had marched the Confederate army over the same distance in two days. General Grant believed he could have attacked Corinth within the same time. General Halleck wasted a month.

His plan was to move a section of his army a short distance, then cause it to halt and intrench; another section would move forward and intrench, and so on. His orders to his division commanders were to avoid bringing on a general engagement. If necessary to prevent a serious fight, they were to fall back.

Small encounters with Confederate outposts occurred, but because of the orders given, no general battle resulted. And on the 28th of May reports came in that the enemy had been evacuating Corinth for several days. Railroad men in the Union ranks said they could tell, by placing their ear

to the rails, which way trains were running, and whether they were loaded or empty; and they declared that loaded trains had been running *out* of Corinth for some time.

General Halleck refused to believe it, and continued to "edge along."

At length the Union army arrived before the town. The advance parties entered and found it deserted!

Not only had the Confederates disappeared with their entire force, including their sick and wounded, but they had carried away all their supplies, and left only some imitation wooden guns pointing over the empty earthworks.

The whole Union army was amused and disgusted. It was thus that General Halleck proved his "superiority" over General Grant.

The occupation of Corinth was of importance, but the escape of the entire Confederate force was regarded as a Union failure. It is certain that the story would have been different had Grant been in command.

After the occupation of Corinth, General Halleck continued his "safe" tactics. Instead of energetically following the retreating garrison, he sent a column in pursuit for some thirty miles, then recalled it, and began constructing a great system of forts and rifle pits.

Meantime he continued to make General Grant's position as unpleasant as possible. Grant bore it a little longer, then asked permission to transfer his headquarters to Memphis. The permission was granted, and he at once left Corinth, accompanied only by his personal staff and a small cavalry escort.

On the way to Memphis the party had a narrow escape from capture. Bodies of Confederate cavalry roamed the country, and one of these, under General Jackson, pursued General Grant to a certain crossroad. There the Confederates decided that their horses, not being as fresh as those of Grant's party, could not catch them, and so turned back. Had they gone but a short distance farther they would have found the General and his companions resting by the roadside, quite unconscious of their danger.

General Grant had not been long in Memphis when fortune once more turned his way. On the 10th of July General Halleck was ordered to turn his command over to the next in rank, and to proceed to Washington. As his next in rank was General Grant, there was nothing for General Halleck to do but recall General Grant from Memphis. And this he did.

Grant felt as though a cloud had lifted. He

was himself again. But on returning to Corinth, he found that Halleck had scattered the once great army of 120,000, and had left him with only 50,000 troops to cover the hundred-mile line extending from Corinth to Memphis.

About the middle of September the Confederate generals, Price and Van Dorn, began a movement to attack and defeat Grant, or to pass him by and reënforce the Confederate General Bragg, in his campaign in Kentucky against Buell, who had left Corinth on June 10 to march upon Chattanooga.

Grant heard of this move and immediately began to make some plans himself. He directed Generals Rosecrans and Ord, who between them had some 17,000 men, to attack the Confederates under General Price at Iuka, twenty-two miles southwest of Corinth, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad. On the 18th of September General Ord moved to Burnsville by rail, seven miles from Iuka, and there left the cars and continued afoot. General Rosecrans was to join General Ord the following day, coming from Rienzi, southwest of Iuka.

Late in the afternoon of the 19th General Rosecrans was himself attacked by the Confederates, and brought to a halt, with the loss of several guns.

A strong wind was blowing from the north, and prevented the sound of the firing from reaching General Ord. Consequently it was late when a courier reached Grant with the news. Grant directed General Ord to attack Iuka early in the morning without waiting for Rosecrans. General Ord advanced to do so and found Iuka deserted. The hold-up of General Rosecrans had given the enemy time to escape.

The next move of consequence was an attempt of the Confederates to recapture Corinth. General Grant was at Jackson when word of their intention reached him. General Rosecrans was in command at Corinth. Grant ordered Generals McPherson and Hurlbut, who were at Jackson and Bolivar with their divisions, to go to Rosecrans' assistance. Before they arrived, the Confederate general, Van Dorn, made a dashing attack on the town, hoping to capture it before help came. The fighting was desperate. The Southerners were beaten back, but pluckily charged again and again, and at one point forced their way inside the fortifications. After a terrific struggle they were driven out. The Union reënforcements then arrived, and the attackers were compelled to retire.

While Grant was not present at the battle of Corinth, it was largely due to the system of earth-

works and rifle pits planned by him that the town escaped capture. The determination and courage of the Confederate assault is indicated by their heavy loss of 1423 men in killed. The defenders, fighting from their breastworks, lost 315 men killed and 1812 wounded.

CHAPTER XIII

Vicksburg

On the 25th of October, 1862, General Grant was given command of the Department of the Tennessee. At once he began planning for the capture of Vicksburg.

Until December 20 the campaign proceeded successfully. Then came a mishap. An important supply depot at Holly Springs was captured by the enemy, and a great quantity of food, forage, and ammunition was destroyed. The loss was serious. It meant that two months' work was practically thrown away, and that the move on Vicksburg must be abandoned for another month or so, until more supplies could be brought down from the north.

Grant's manner on receiving the news offers a fine example of self-control. Captain Charles Eaton, who was with him at the time, told of the incident:

"My personal business with the General was finished, and I was sitting beside him in the front

door of the house in which his headquarters were located, when an early morning telegram was brought him giving confirmation of the Holly Springs disaster, of the night before.

"Much as it meant to him — the reversal of all his plans for the movement on Vicksburg — there was on his face no sign of disturbance that I could see, save a slight twitching of the mustache. He told me very quietly and dispassionately that the night before he telegraphed Colonel Murphy (who was in command at Holly Springs), warning him of Van Dorn's approach, and directing him to be on guard. . . . The loss of the supplies was then considered a great blow to the army, and necessitated an immediate withdrawal and reorganization of all General Grant's plans. . . . In the midst of this disturbance he was ready as always to listen to what I had to say concerning the work assigned me."

Because of the setback it was nearly March, 1863, when General Grant's campaign against Vicksburg actually began.

Vicksburg was frequently spoken of as the Gibraltar of the South. It occupied a ridge of high land which looked down upon the wide sweep of the great Mississippi, and its long line of forts commanded an S-shaped bend of the river so that

vessels coming from the north must twice pass within range of every gun.

As Grant was on the west side of the stream, his first problem was to cross with his 40,000 men, guns, wagons, and supplies to the Vicksburg side. He had the vessels, but the difficulty was first to reach the actual river bank through the wide swamps that bordered it, and next, to find a landing-place on the eastern shore. He sent expeditions to look for landing-places by way of the Yazoo River and the creeks and bayous northeast of the city. These failed, after great hardships. The only plan left was to move the fleet of Union boats below Vicksburg, and find landing-places to the south.

An attempt was first made to dig a canal across the "S" in the river opposite the town. It was hoped that the river would turn into this new channel and cut it out deep enough to allow vessels to pass through. Then the fleet could have passed below Vicksburg without coming under the fire of all its forts. But the river rose so high from the heavy rains that it spread out over the flats, and began to fill up the canal instead of deepening it.

There was then nothing for the Union fleet to do but run past the forts on some dark night.

On the 15th of April General Grant asked Admiral Porter if he was ready to run the blockade.

"I will be ready to-morrow night," replied the admiral.

The attempt was considered most dangerous, and General Grant called only for volunteers to man the transports. So many presented themselves that several additional vessels might have been manned. One volunteer was offered a hundred dollars for his chance to go, and refused to accept it. These were no fair-weather and parade-day soldiers!

The fleet was made up of eight gunboats and three transports carrying soldiers and provisions, each towing a barge with supplies.

At about ten o'clock at night on April 16 the flagship *Benton*, with all lights out, started drifting down the stream. At twenty-minute intervals she was followed by the *Lafayette*, the *Price*, the *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Pittsburgh*, and *Carondelet*. Then came the transports *Forest Queen*, *Silver Wave*, and *Henry Clay*, with their barges. The gunboat *Tuscumbia* brought up the rear.

There was a grand ball at Vicksburg that night, and Admiral Porter thought the sentries at the forts would not be so vigilant. For a time it looked as if he had guessed correctly. Like ghost vessels the fleet slipped down the river, and not a sound broke the stillness.

Courtesy of the Century Company.

PASSING THE BOOMING BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

But suddenly, just as the *Benton* neared the first bend in the "S," there was a flare of light on the levee. It flamed up into the blaze of a bonfire, and in a moment there came a crash of guns from one of the forts. Other fires burst out, other forts joined in, and quickly the roaring and crashing was deafening.

It was a wonderful and terrific spectacle. It seemed as if every boat must be sunk. They were struck repeatedly. But they kept on, and when the gunboats came opposite the city, they threw open their ports and began replying with grape and shrapnel.

For more than two hours the vessels were under the fire of the forts. At last they drew out of range, and it was found that only one of the fleet had been lost. The transport *Henry Clay* had been set on fire and burned to the water's edge. Surprising to relate, not a single life was lost, and only a few men were wounded.

General Grant now had two transports with which to ferry his troops to the eastern shore of the Mississippi. Time was important, however, and he decided to run a second flotilla down past the Vicksburg batteries. The attempt was made on the night of April 22, and was also successful, although another steamboat and five barges were

lost. Five transports and seven barges with supplies succeeded in coming through.

Grant now had the vessels to ferry his army to the eastern side of the Mississippi. It was first necessary to find a landing-place. A search by small boats proved unsuccessful. General Grant then called upon the gunboats to attack the fortifications at Grand Gulf, some miles south of Vicksburg, in the hope of capturing this point as a landing-place. The attack failed.

General Grant was still undiscouraged. He directed the fleet to "run" the forts at Grand Gulf, just as they had "run" the forts at Vicksburg. The vessels accomplished the feat with but little damage, and finally, on the 30th of April, a landing was made at Bayou Pierre, and 20,000 men put ashore.

The next day the Union army met a Confederate force sent out from Vicksburg, and defeated it after a fight which lasted till nightfall. This was the battle of Port Gibson. When the Confederates were driven back, they also retreated from Grand Gulf, and that place fell into General Grant's hands.

On the 8th of May General Sherman arrived with reënforcements which increased Grant's army to 32,000 men. It was with this force that General

Grant set out on one of the most daring campaigns on record.

He planned to rout or drive into Vicksburg two armies, one of 50,000 men under General Pemberton, and another whose numbers he did not know, which was assembling under General Johnston, fifty miles to the northeast, at Jackson, the state capital. And to accomplish the task his troops were to carry only three days' rations, so that they might travel more rapidly, and not be held back by slow-moving supply-wagons.

On the 11th of May General Grant left Grand Gulf and marched rapidly toward Jackson. On the 12th, at Raymond, he met and defeated a force sent out to obstruct his progress.

Meanwhile, General Pemberton had come out from Vicksburg to attack the Union army in the rear. General Grant paid no attention to this force, but hurried eastward to attack Johnston before Johnston was fully ready for him. He was successful, and on the 14th he attacked and drove the Confederates in flight from Jackson, and occupied the town. Large quantities of military stores were captured. Such of these as were not wanted were burned, and the railroad was destroyed.

On the same day General Grant turned part of

his army back westward, toward General Pemberton's army and Vicksburg. On the next day, the 15th, he captured a dispatch from Johnston directing Pemberton to attack the Union army on the west, while Johnston himself advanced again from the north.

General Grant was not to be caught in such a trap. He hurried his whole force west, and came up with Pemberton before Johnston had got in touch with him. The encounter took place at Champion's Hill, on the 16th, and was the most desperately fought battle of the campaign. It lasted all day, but the Confederates finally gave way and were pursued until after dark. Their losses were very heavy; 3000 killed and wounded, 3000 prisoners, and 30 cannon. The Union losses were 410 killed, 1844 wounded, and 187 missing.

As usual, General Grant was in the midst of the fighting, apparently unconscious of being in any danger. One of the men in the ranks[1] related this incident of the battle, showing the general's coolness and courage: —

"We were standing two files deep, bearing as patiently as we could a heavy and steady fire from infantry, while an occasional cannon-ball tore up the earth in our front.

[1] Byers.

"'Colonel, move your men a little by the left flank,' said a quiet though commanding voice. On looking round I saw Grant immediately behind us. He was mounted on a beautiful gray mare, and followed by several of his staff. For some reason he dismounted, and most of his officers were sent to other parts of the field.

"Here was Grant under fire. He stood leaning quietly against his horse. . . . His was the only horse near the line, and must naturally have attracted the enemy's fire. 'What if he should be killed?' I thought to myself. In front of us was the enemy, behind us and about us, and liable to overcome and crush us at any moment . . . yet there he remained, clear, calm, and immovable."

General Pemberton, after his defeat at Champion's Hill, fell back to the Big Black River, ten miles from Vicksburg. There, the next day, was fought the battle of the Big Black, as it was called. Once again Grant won, capturing 18 cannon and 1800 prisoners; and General Pemberton retreated within the fortifications of Vicksburg.

The preliminary campaign which had thus ended was one of the greatest in military history. In a little over two weeks General Grant had marched his army two hundred miles, had fought and won five battles, defeating two separate armies, each

larger than his own; had captured 88 cannon, taken 6000 prisoners, seized a state capital, and destroyed thirty miles of important railroad. In doing all this he had lost only 4335 men in killed, wounded, and missing, which was less than the enemy had lost in killed alone. The great Napoleon himself never planned and carried out a campaign with more complete success.

Now that he was before Vicksburg, General Grant's energy did not slacken. Two days after the battle of the Big Black he had replaced the bridge destroyed by the retreating enemy. He crossed over with part of his army, and advancing on the city, made a preliminary assault. On the 22d of May he ordered a grand assault along the whole long line of the Confederate defenses. The particular reason for this attack was the news that the Confederate General Johnston was approaching, fifty miles to the eastward. If General Grant were able to rush the city and capture it immediately, he would then be able to turn and meet Johnston with a strong force. His men also were eager to make the attack. They believed they could storm the Confederate works and carry them at the point of the bayonet.

The defenses of Vicksburg on this, the land side, followed a number of high ridges in a great half-

circle seven miles long. The ridges lay about two miles from the city proper.

To reach these earthworks, the Northern troops were obliged to descend into hollows and valleys, and charge up steep slopes through canebrake and a network of fallen trees.

The assault was begun at ten in the morning along the whole line. The reply from the defenders was a terrific fire of musketry and artillery. Bravely, though with terrible losses, the Union men struggled up the slopes. Again and again they were forced to fall back in order to re-form their ranks. Again and again they charged. Here and there small parties succeeded in reaching the base of the parapets. They got no farther, and at nightfall they retired, without having taken a single redoubt.

The failure showed that Vicksburg could be taken only by a siege.

General Grant tackled this problem as energetically as he had all others. He first directed the placing of the artillery in batteries at points from which they could do the most effective work. There were two hundred and twenty guns in all, although none were of large size. The guns opened fire, and under cover of the bombardment, the engineers and sappers, or trench-diggers, went forward to within six hundred yards of the outer

Confederate defenses, and began digging trenches and rifle pits and throwing up breastworks.

The first line of Union earthworks was nearly fifteen miles in length. When it was completed, the next stage of the operations began — the digging of "advancing" trenches, or "saps." These were trenches dug forward in zigzags, first in one direction, and then in another, in such a way that the enemy could not fire directly into them. Tunnels also were dug, sometimes for long distances.

For more than a month the digging operations continued, the fighting being left to the artillery and the sharpshooters posted along the finished trenches.

In places the advancing trenches were at last carried so near to the enemy's works that Union and Confederate soldiers could converse with one another. Occasionally the Union soldiers would exchange bread for Confederate tobacco. At other times the enemy would throw hand-grenades, or bombs, which the Union men would sometimes catch in their hands, like baseballs, and throw back.

During the second month of the siege, a tunnel was started from one of the most advanced of the Union trenches. By the 25th of June it had been carried beneath the opposite Confederate works, and preparations were made to mine and explode

it. When all was ready, an assaulting party was brought forward, and the mine was fired.

There was a terrific, muffled roar, and the whole crest of the ridge went into the air. When the cloud of smoke and earth had settled, a deep, wide hole was left. With a cheer the waiting troops charged through the breach. A short distance within they were brought to a halt. The Confederates had discovered the digging of the tunnel, and had prepared a second line of defenses. The attacking party held their ground valiantly, but were unable to push ahead, and when darkness came they were ordered to fall back.

A negro who went through the explosion had a remarkable experience. He was working underground in a tunnel the Confederates were digging near the Union tunnel. When the explosion came, he was thrown up to the surface, high in the air, and fell among a group of Union soldiers. He was not much hurt, but terribly frightened.

"How high up did you go, Sam?" asked one of the men.

"Ah dunno, Massa," replied the shaking negro, "but Ah t'ink 'bout t'ree miles!"

As the first mine had failed to open a way through the enemy's defenses, a second tunnel was started. It was fired, and resulted in the complete destruc-

tion of a Confederate redoubt. This time no assault was made. General Grant had determined not to attack until several mines had been prepared, so that assaults could be made at several points simultaneously.

On the 1st of July the mines were ready for firing. The word passed along the Union lines that a grand assault was to be made as a celebration on the Fourth. But happily this was not to be necessary.

At ten o'clock on the morning of July 3, white flags were shown along the Confederate defenses, and two officers appeared, bearing a flag of truce. They were escorted to General Grant, and handed him a letter from General Pemberton, the Confederate commander, asking for terms of surrender.

And the surrender was made at ten o'clock the following morning, the Glorious Fourth!

It was indeed a glorious "celebration." But there was no cheering or other outward signs of jubilation. General Grant, thoughtful even of his enemies, had issued orders that there should be no hurrahing; and the Union troops, standing along their breastworks, looked on in silence. Very probably the order would not have been necessary. A truly brave soldier will always be kind to a vanquished enemy who has fought bravely. And these men had courageously fought a losing fight,

week after week, and on the shortest rations of poor food.

They marched out of their intrenchments, regiment after regiment, — over 31,000 in all, — a sad procession; and in silence stacked their rifles, and made into a pile their knapsacks, haversacks, and cartridge-boxes. Last of all they added their tattered, bullet-riddled flags.

And so ended in complete success one of the greatest sieges of modern history. A natural result of the great victory was the raising of General Grant to the rank of major-general.

CHAPTER XIV

Chattanooga

A few weeks after the fall of Vicksburg, General Grant was in New Orleans to confer with General Banks. While returning from a review of General Banks' troops, a few miles from the city, his horse became frightened at a passing locomotive, and he was thrown and seriously injured. He was unconscious for several hours, and when he came to, found himself in a hotel. For a week he was compelled to remain there, suffering great pain, and was then carried aboard a river steamer and removed to Vicksburg.

While General Grant was confined to his bed in New Orleans, General Halleck, now commander in chief at Washington, telegraphed him to send reënforcements to General Rosecrans, who was campaigning against a Confederate army under General Bragg in Tennessee and northern Georgia. Because of poor telegraphic connections between Washington and New Orleans, the dispatch had been delayed, and in the meantime General Rose-

crans had been attacked and badly defeated at Chickamauga. His forces had been driven into Chattanooga, and were practically besieged there.

President Lincoln and his military cabinet were greatly alarmed. They turned to General Grant for help, and on the 16th of October he was directed to proceed to Louisville, to meet an officer of the War Department with instructions. Although still walking with crutches, Grant complied, and on the way met Secretary of War Stanton. During the journey the secretary handed General Grant an order appointing him head of the Military Division of the Mississippi, with command over the Departments of the Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee.

That night at Louisville a message came from Assistant Secretary of War Dana, who was at Chattanooga, saying that General Rosecrans was about to abandon the town, and advising that he be ordered not to do so.

During the battle of Chickamauga, General Rosecrans had only been saved from a greater defeat by the splendid fighting of his left wing, under General Thomas. Grant had always considered General Thomas to be the better general. Therefore he now appointed Thomas to the chief command at Chattanooga in place of Rosecrans, and telegraphed him, —

"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible."

General Thomas replied,

"We will hold the town till we starve."

The nearest railroad point to Chattanooga at that time was Bridgeport, forty miles away. Grant reached Bridgeport, and began the remainder of the journey in an ambulance, over roads made wretched by a steady rain. The jolting proved too much for his bruised side, and he took to his horse. This also was very painful, and from time to time the men of his escort were compelled to lift him from the saddle and carry him a distance. But there was no thought of turning back, or halting, and on the evening of October 23 he arrived at his destination.

He at once sought General Thomas, to discuss the situation with him. Its seriousness had not been exaggerated. The Union troops held very little ground outside the town, while the enemy, numbering forty to fifty thousand men, occupied strongly fortified positions on every height to the east, south, and southwest. They held Missionary Ridge, a long, low hill to the east and south; Lookout Mountain, a bold height which almost overlooked Chattanooga, and a hill known as Orchard Knob, lying in the valley scarcely out of rifle shot.

As for the army in the town, it was short of ammunition, short of rations, ragged, tired, and discouraged. Even wood with which to make fires for cooking and warmth was difficult to obtain. The sick and wounded were without proper accommodation and necessaries. The horses and mules were dying of starvation.

General Grant quickly "made things move." Within a week he had found and forced a way for bringing in supplies by the Tennessee River. He had started General Sherman with reënforcements from Corinth, two hundred miles away, and had moved General Hooker with his division forward from Bridgeport.

The effect on the spirits of the army in Chattanooga was shown immediately. Discouragement and signs of privation disappeared, and gave place to cheerfulness and an eagerness to resume the conflict.

General Sherman arrived on the 20th of November. Three days later the battle of Chattanooga began. Brigadier General Granger had been ordered forward with a division of the Fourth Corps, to disclose the position of the enemy. The preparations were made, and at half-past eleven in the forenoon, in full sight of the enemy, the Third Division moved against the Confederate position on Orchard Knob.

Ignoring the heavy fire that broke out as soon as they were in range, the Union troops advanced in a long, steady line, firing in return. They gained the foot of the hill, and with a rush and a cheer they went up. For a few minutes the enemy fought desperately to throw back the blue-coated wave. The impetuous charge reached the trenches, and the defenders broke and fled.

This ended the fighting on the 23d.

Meanwhile, General Hooker was leading his division forward on the right of the Union position, and General Sherman on the left. All day on the 24th, concealed by a mist, General Hooker's men were forcing their way up the slopes of Lookout Mountain. The remainder of the Union army waited, and listened to the sound of the distant firing. Night fell, and the firing ceased. Morning came, and a great cheer rolled along the Union center. The "battle above the clouds" had been won! The Stars and Stripes were waving victoriously from the crest of the mountain!

General Grant, from a vantage point on Orchard Knob, turned toward the left of his battle line. There he had ordered General Sherman to advance and attack at daybreak. He could see large bodies of the enemy moving toward that end of the ridge to oppose Sherman.

Presently from the north came the faint boom of cannon. Sherman had attacked.

General Grant faced south, where he had directed Hooker to push on along the ridge. Apparently Hooker's men had not yet moved. Grant waited for a time, then turned to General Thomas, who commanded the Union center.

"Hooker has not yet come up, but I think you had better move, on Sherman's account," he said quietly.

General Thomas sent an order. Near by, a cannon roared, another, and another — six in quick succession. It was the signal for the center to advance.

A great blue line of men, two miles long, three ranks deep, started forward across the valley. With the morning light sparkling on twenty thousand bayonets, it was a thrilling spectacle.

Across the plain the line swept, bending a little here and there, like a great wave rolling toward a beach. Puffs of white smoke broke out along its front, and there came the crackling of rifles. Cannon up on the ridge quickly responded, and the rifle pits below returned volley for volley.

The blue line pressed on. It drew near the slope, and suddenly the enemy swarmed from their trenches and fell back hurriedly to their second line of defenses.

The firing was now terrific. The blue wave faltered and broke. But again it moved on, no longer a single line, but a great zigzagging chain of hurrying, scrambling groups, each group clustering around a fluttering flag. Occasionally a group would falter and pause. The color-bearer had fallen. But quickly the flag would reappear and the group would hasten on.

The crest of the ridge was now a continuous flame of cannon-fire and musketry, blazing through a wall of smoke. The noise was deafening. But the blue line mounted steadily.

Across the valley our General was watching, apparently cool and unexcited. When the second line of rifle pits was carried, he suddenly called for his horse. "I'm going up there!" he said.

Down from the hill and across the plain he raced, followed by his staff. As he rode he saw the wave of blue pour over the last line of the enemy's trenches, then break over the crest of the ridge itself. Almost immediately the roar of the guns began to subside; and when Grant arrived at the summit, he was just in time to see the enemy breaking in wild flight.

The battle of Chattanooga had been won!

The next day was Thanksgiving Day — one of the memorable Thanksgiving Days in the history

of the Union. Once more throughout the entire North General Grant was hailed as the nation's hero.

Of his generalship in this battle, General Sherman said, "What Grant did was this: By my attacks so often on my left, he made Bragg believe our main attack was to be there, and so Bragg weakened his center to reënforce his right, and when Grant 'divined' he had done this sufficiently, he hurled Thomas forward, as a battering ram, and smashed Bragg completely. It was a great victory — the neatest and cleanest battle I was ever in, and Grant deserves the credit of it."

CHAPTER XV

General of All the Armies

The great battle of Chattanooga was scarcely over before General Grant sent General Sherman to Knoxville, eighty miles away, to relieve General Burnside, who was besieged there by Longstreet. Burnside was in desperate straits. Hearing that relief was coming, he held out, and on the 3d of December, the day on which the last ration of food was issued to his exhausted troops, Sherman reached him, and the Confederates retired.

When President Lincoln learned that Burnside's army had been saved, he sent General Grant the following message: —

"Understanding that your lodgment in Knoxville and at Chattanooga is now sure, I wish to tender you, and all under your command, my more than thanks, my profoundest gratitude, for the skill, courage and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected that important object. God bless you all."

Joy filled the country over the victory at Chattanooga. Congress adopted a resolution of thanks,

and voted that a gold medal be presented to General Grant in the name of the people of the United States. Several states also adopted resolutions of thanks; and Jo Daviess County, General Grant's home county in Illinois, presented him with a diamond-hilted sword. The sword was afterwards known as the "Chattanooga sword." The scabbard was of gold, and bore the names of all the battles Grant had won up to that time.

In the latter part of January, 1864, General Grant obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visiting his oldest son, Fred, who was seriously ill in St. Louis. With his unfailing modesty, he did not take any of his staff officers, but went alone, and at the Lindell Hotel registered simply as "U. S. Grant, Nashville."

The news of his arrival quickly spread, however, and soon the hotel lobby was thronged with people eager to catch a glimpse of the hero of Vicksburg and Chattanooga. In the evening he was serenaded by a great throng, and when he appeared on the hotel balcony, he was greeted with tremendous and long-continued cheering. It was supposed he would make a speech. But he was still the man who preferred doing things to talking about them. He responded briefly: "I thank you for this honor. I cannot make a speech. It is

something I have never done, and never intend to do, and I beg you to excuse me."

After the serenade General Grant was invited to a banquet at which several hundred of the most prominent people of the city were present. He was again called upon for a speech.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "it is impossible for me to do more than thank you."

One incident of the banquet attracted considerable attention. In honor of the occasion, the finest wines in St. Louis had been bought, regardless of cost. When General Grant took his place at the table, his first act was to turn his wine glass upside down, indicating that he would take no wine, and it remained so throughout the dinner. This action was a convincing reply to the tales of drinking that had been spread by certain of his enemies.

It might be explained here how these tales originated. When Grant was a brigadier general, at Cairo, his headquarters were on the second floor of an old building. Sharing the room with him was an old army officer of the commissary department. This officer was given to drinking and to coarse talk, which Grant especially disliked. To escape his unwelcome neighbor, Grant moved his desk from the room into an adjoining hallway. The old officer interpreted this act, and Grant's

refusal to drink with him, as an insult, and began spreading the report that Grant had moved his desk into the hallway so that he might himself drink in secret. Unfortunately, on taking command at Cairo, Grant had offended certain newspaper men by refusing them military information, and these men in revenge published the story told by the old officer.

General Grant's victory at Vicksburg had resulted in his being given a larger command. The victory at Chattanooga carried him to the top of the ladder.

On March 3, 1864, he received orders to report to Washington, to become lieutenant general, the commander of all the armies of the United States.

General Grant set out for the national capital, to take this high command, with no more fuss than he had shown on going to St. Louis. His arrival in Washington was quite unnoticed.

At five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, March 8, it is related, an officer modestly attired was seen leading a four-year-old boy by the hand into Willard's Hotel. Without speaking to any one, or paying any attention to the throng in the lobby, he registered as "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ills." Then quietly he entered the dining room

and took a seat at a table. He had been at the table only a few minutes when a gentleman from New Orleans recognized him. Rising from his seat, the New Orleans man cordially shook hands with the General, calling him by name. In a moment the news flashed from chair to chair that General Grant was in the room. Hundreds of guests, senators, representatives, supreme court judges, and officers of the army, sprang from their seats, cheering and crowding round him. So great was the excitement and crowding that the General was unable to finish his meal, and presently he rose and left the dining room. In the hallway he encountered another throng of enthusiastic admirers, and finally he was compelled to withdraw to his private room.

That evening the unwilling hero went through an experience still more trying. He visited the White House to report to President Lincoln, and found himself the central figure at one of the President's levees.

The moment of the meeting of Grant and Lincoln was a memorable one. On Grant's entrance there was an excited buzz in the crowded room, then a hush, and the throng fell back. The General was in his worn field uniform. He was visibly embarrassed as he advanced. Lincoln met him

with warmly extended hand, and the tone of his voice meant far more than his simple words when he said, "I am glad to see you, General."

Grant passed on into the East Room, and there the crowd almost flung itself upon him. He was cheered enthusiastically, and people struggled to grasp his hand. Finally he was forced to mount a sofa, so he could be seen.

Altogether the hero of the occasion would much have preferred a battle. When he left the White House he breathed a deep sigh of relief, and exclaimed,

"I hope that ends the show business!"

The formal presentation to General Grant of his commission as lieutenant general was made the next day. It was another notable occasion. Such an event had not taken place since the time of General Washington.

The presentation was made in the presence of the members of the cabinet and other prominent officers of the government. The speeches were simple — such as one would expect from the two truly great, simple, straightforward men who had risen from equally humble positions to the highest places in the land.

Said President Lincoln: "General Grant, as the Nation's appreciation of what you have done,

and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, you are now presented with this commission, constituting you Lieutenant General of the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak for the Nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

General Grant replied: "Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are all met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

With his customary energy, Grant on the following day held a conference with General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, seventy miles from Washington. Returning to Washington, he declined an invitation to a military dinner in his honor by Mrs. Lincoln, and hastened back

to Nashville, to hand over to General Sherman the command of the Army of the Tennessee.

There was a strong friendship between General Grant and General Sherman. It was based on manly, unselfish appreciation of each other's worth.

On March 4, before leaving Nashville for Washington, General Grant had written a letter to General Sherman in which this unselfishness was beautifully shown. It is doubtful whether another such letter was ever written by one military commander to another.

After telling of his promotion to the chief command, General Grant wrote in part as follows:—

"While I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy and skill . . . of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me. . . . But what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. . . . How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am now receiving, you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction."

General Sherman's letter in reply was equally generous. It disclaimed any special credit, and declared that it was the confidence which Grant inspired in those under him that enabled them to play their part.

"I believe you are as brave, patriotic and just as . . . Washington," he wrote; "as honest, unselfish and kindhearted as a man should be; but the chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour . . . when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga — no doubts, no reserve; and I tell you it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place, you would come, if alive. . . ."

CHAPTER XVI

The Battle of the Wilderness

Up to this time the eastern and western campaigns of the Northern armies had been carried on without any attempt at joint action. This had given the generals of the Confederacy a considerable advantage. Grant planned that every division of the Union forces should now move simultaneously, and with one final object in view — the capture of Richmond, the Confederate capital.

From his conference with Sherman, General Grant returned to Washington.

It was a magnificent army which Grant commanded. In numbers — 600,000 men — it was the largest, up to that time, ever commanded by a single leader. It was scattered over a wide territory, however; and the Army of the Potomac, with which Grant prepared to face the Confederate forces under Lee, numbered but 122,000. Grant estimated Lee's men to number 80,000, with the advantage of being in familiar country.

An amusing story is told of Grant and a young "dude" officer at this time. The General had made his headquarters at Culpeper Court House. One day, while on the road in a drizzling rain, accompanied only by his orderly, he saw a carriage approaching. It was drawn by a pair of fine horses and was escorted by mounted attendants.

When near the General, the driver of the carriage reined up. The carriage door opened and a dashing young officer, in an immaculate uniform, stepped gingerly out and saluted. He inquired if he was addressing General Grant, and stated that he wished to speak with him.

"Certainly," replied the General. "Come and take a walk with me."

The officer looked in consternation at his shining boots, at the muddy road, and up at the dripping clouds. But the General moved on, and there was nothing to do but to follow. Back and forth they strolled, splashing through the muddy pools, the General apparently quite unconscious of the sad result to the young officer's brilliant uniform. When the conversation was ended, the "drawing-room soldier's" appearance was much like that of a half-drowned peacock. His handsome plume was drooping, and his expensive riding boots were

incrusted with mud to their tops. Back at the carriage the General left him.

"You might set a little better example in your dress," he quietly suggested.

Shortly after midnight, May 4, 1864, the Army of the Potomac, under General Grant, left camp and began to move on Richmond. By morning it had crossed to the south side of the Rapidan River. On the afternoon of the next day, the 5th, it found itself confronted by General Lee. The first and long-awaited test between the two greatest leaders of the North and South was on.

The scene of the encounter was known as the Wilderness. It was a table-land covered with a dense growth of scrub oak, dwarf pine, and hazel thickets, woven together by masses of wild vines.

The battle was opened by General Warren's corps. When General Grant arrived on the scene, he ordered General Hancock to join Warren. There was no room for maneuvering, so dense was the jungle. The men worked their way forward as best they could, firing whenever they could see any one to fire at. The Confederates replied with crashing volleys, and soon the place was thick with smoke. Neither artillery nor cavalry could be used.

In places the Union lines pushed forward slowly. In others they were forced back. But they refused to break, and when darkness came, General Lee realized that his efforts to crush Grant by one blow had failed, and he quietly withdrew.

When the account of this first clash reached Washington, President Lincoln is reported to have said,

"Any other commander the Army of the Potomac has had would have at once withdrawn his army over the Rapidan after that first day's reception."

Instead of withdrawing from the Wilderness, General Grant ordered an attack all along the line at five o'clock on Friday morning.

The second day's struggle began at the time set. The attack was opened on the Union left by General Hancock's division, and like the rolling of thunder, spread away to the west over a front of five miles.

It was the battle of Thursday continued — the same storm of bullets at close range, the same desperate advancing and slow retiring through blinding smoke and the tangle of underbrush.

General Hancock succeeded in forcing a section of the enemy's line a mile and a half to the rear, and captured many prisoners. The victory was followed by a repulse. The Confederates, reënforced by Longstreet, began a charge with solid

masses of infantry, and Hancock was forced to fall back.

All day the battle raged, the lines advancing here, and retiring there, without decisive success to either side. But by nightfall the army of Lee had had enough. When daylight came on Saturday, it disclosed the fact that the Confederate general had fallen back behind his intrenchments.

And so ended the great battle of the Wilderness.

The two days' struggle, said General Grant, "saw more desperate fighting than had ever been known on this continent." Again was shown splendid courage, by both the men of the North and the men of the South.

CHAPTER XVII

Spottsylvania

When Grant discovered that General Lee had retired behind his prepared intrenchments, he decided to leave the Confederate army there, and move on in a sideways fashion to Spottsylvania. He began the movement during the night.

He arrived at Spottsylvania the next day, Sunday, only to find that the enemy had preceded him by a shorter road, and was again across his path, ready to offer battle.

The country here was much the same as that in the Wilderness — forest, and a tangled growth of underbrush. It was Tuesday, the 10th of May, when the Union forces were in position, and the battle began.

The fighting proved even more bloody than that of the Wilderness. It began at one o'clock in the afternoon, and until nightfall the men of the two armies surged backward and forward through blinding clouds of smoke. The roar of cannon and the crashing of musketry were terrific and continuous.

The carnage ceased with the coming of darkness, but grimly each side held to its positions. There was no fighting on Wednesday. The two armies paused to take breath for a still more desperate struggle. Lee was determined that Grant should be hurled back. Grant was just as determined to push ahead. And in spite of their terrible losses, the Union men caught his spirit, and were determined to do their part, although it meant death.

During Wednesday night General Grant moved Hancock's corps to a position before the strongest point of the Confederate center. At four o'clock in the morning of Thursday, according to plan, Hancock's men attacked with a rush. They succeeded in getting over the enemy's breastworks. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle followed. The men of the two armies were so intermingled that they could not fire. Instead, they used their rifles as clubs.

The loss of life was appalling. At the point where Hancock's men went over the Confederate breastworks the dead and wounded lay in heaps.

Hancock's men at last captured the position, making many prisoners. But scarcely had they done so, when fresh Confederate troops made a determined effort to drive them out.

And so the terrible conflict continued throughout

the entire day, and on into the night. So heavy was the fire that in places large trees were cut through and brought to the ground by rifle bullets alone.

Thursday night ended the fight, with the two armies holding their main positions. The rain which began on that day continued until Tuesday, the 17th, and the battle meantime was not resumed.

Grant again determined to leave Lee behind his intrenchments, and move on secretly, if possible. He began the maneuver on the night of the 20th. Once again the Confederate general discovered the plan, again moved by a shorter road, and interposed. But Lee's third attempt to block Grant was unsuccessful, and once more the Union army moved on toward Richmond.

On the 31st of May General Sheridan and his cavalry division, the Union advance guard, arrived at Cold Harbor. Here, almost within sight of Richmond, Lee's army again appeared. Grant had ordered Sheridan to hold the crossing at Cold Harbor Tavern at all costs, and Sheridan dismounted his men and intrenched. In the morning the infantry arrived, and the two armies met in another terrific battle.

General Lee fought with desperation. Grant ordered a general assault, which failed. He spent a day in burying the dead and in posting fresh

troops, and on the third day ordered another assault. This also failed, with great loss to both sides.

Most commanders would have been discouraged. But not Grant! Once more he left Lee waiting for a fresh attack, and moved off sideways. On the night of the 12th of June he transferred his troops across the Chickahominy River and began a swift march to the southeast. His plan was to make a wide circuit and approach Richmond from the south, also seizing Petersburg if possible.

The maneuver was a splendid piece of strategy. So rapidly was it carried out that General Lee did not know what had become of Grant and the Union army. For two days he lost all track of them, and telegraphed to his generals at different points, "Where is Grant's army?" "Find Grant's army."

The movement was a complete success. It placed the Union army in a position to attack Richmond from the rear, and it cut General Lee's southern lines of communication.

On June 14 General Grant telegraphed to Washington:

"Our forces commence crossing the James to-day. The enemy shows no signs of having brought his troops to the south side of Richmond. I will have Petersburg secured if possible before they get in in much force."

But disappointments were again to come. They began with the failure to capture Petersburg. An attack was made by the Union advance guard late in the day, and was partially successful. But the officer directly in command did not drive the attack home, and during the night large Confederate reënforcements arrived. As a consequence, a siege became necessary.

Once more critics of General Grant began to find fault. "The man from the West was successful until he met a real general," some of them said.

Petersburg, twenty miles south of Richmond, was strongly fortified, and the siege dragged on slowly. A mine similar to those driven beneath the defenses of Vicksburg was planned and tunneled. It was charged with powder and the time set for the explosion. Near by, troops stood ready to rush into the opening made in the breastworks. The hour came, and passed. There was no explosion.

Two brave men of a Pennsylvania regiment, Jacob Douty and Henry Reese, — names to be remembered, — volunteered to enter the tunnel. They did so, and found that the fuse had gone out. They relighted it. A few minutes later there was a rumble like an earthquake, and a great mass of earth shot into the air. When the smoke and dust

had cleared, an opening in the fortifications sixty feet wide was revealed.

The attacking column rushed in. But through some misunderstanding the men did not push their way on into the interior of the fortifications. While they faltered, the defenders rallied, and the attackers were compelled to retire with great loss.

General Grant was extremely disappointed. While trying to learn the reason for the delay of the inner attack, he climbed the breastworks and ran along the outer wall, fully exposed to a heavy fire.

When news of this failure to take Petersburg became public, the people of the Union were again greatly depressed. It was believed that, like all the generals who had gone before him in the eastern campaigns, General Grant also was a failure. Newspapers began charging him with lack of ability, and with throwing away the lives of his men.

Some people went so far as to call him "Grant the Butcher." Nothing could have been more unjust. Grant could not bear the sight of blood. Suffering affected him so keenly that he could not look on the wounded in the battlefield. He could not endure to see an animal abused.

To add to Grant's perplexities, the presidential

election was on, and the General's failure to end the war quickly was being used as an argument against the reëlection of Lincoln. The argument was advanced by those who were in favor of making peace at any price, and allowing slavery to continue. Finally, the generals of several Union armies in the west had not been carrying out their campaigns successfully.

During the month of August the city of Washington was in a panic. It was believed that Confederate reënforcements had been sent to General Early, in the Shenandoah Valley, for a raid on the capital. The tide of misfortune turned. Early was defeated by General Sheridan; General Sherman captured Atlanta; and when the election came, President Lincoln was reëlected.

During all these days of trial and disappointment and faultfinding, General Grant remained the same — quiet, kindly, and confident that things would come out all right in the end. His headquarters were at City Point, a strip of land at the junction of the Appomattox and James rivers, a few miles from Petersburg. From this spot he could keep in touch with the armies of the Potomac and the James, and also with Washington.

The siege dragged on; and when winter came, Mrs. Grant joined her husband in the little slat-

sided house that had been built for him. Friends from Illinois came to see him, and were much surprised to find him the same quiet man they had known in private life.

President Lincoln also came down to City Point frequently, and would drop in at the headquarters unannounced, with a "Good morning, gentlemen."

Grant was at City Point when the news of the completion of Sherman's march to the sea reached him. The occasion brought another proof of his unselfishness. He wrote his father, Jesse Grant, asking him to start a subscription to present Mrs. Sherman with a furnished house in Cincinnati. As his own contribution, he sent five hundred dollars.

"It is the greatest march in history," he wrote, in generous praise. "No other man than Sherman could have marched so far in an enemy's country, and be stronger at the finish than at the start. He is a greater general than I am."

CHAPTER XVIII

The Fall of Richmond

During the winter General Grant completed arrangements for important doings as soon as the roads were passable in the spring. On the 28th of March, on board the steamer *River Queen*, at City Point, he held a memorable consultation with President Lincoln and General Sherman, and told of his plans.

"At this moment," he explained, "Sheridan is crossing the James River from the north by a pontoon bridge below City Point. I have a large and well-appointed force of cavalry with which I propose to strike the South Side and Danville railways. These are the only roads left over which Lee can supply his army. I intend to continue my movement to the left until Lee is entirely cut off from the Confederacy. He will be obliged either to surrender or abandon Richmond. If he comes out of his lines to fight, I shall defeat him. My only fear is that he will slip away to join Johnston in the south. I shall start with no distinct

view other than to prevent Lee from following Sheridan; but I shall be along myself, and take advantage of anything that turns up."

Sherman spoke. "Let him join Johnston if he wishes. My army at Goldsboro is strong enough to whip him and Johnston combined, provided you can come up in a day or two. If Lee will remain at Richmond another week, I can march to Burkeville, and Lee will starve inside his own lines, or come out and fight us."

President Lincoln asked a question.

"How many men has Lee?"

"About sixty-five thousand; but large numbers are deserting," replied General Grant.

There was a sorrowful expression on the President's face. "Can we not end this thing without another battle?" he asked sadly.

Both Grant and Sherman shook their heads. They believed one more battle at least must be fought.

"There has been enough bloodshed! We must avoid another battle!" exclaimed Lincoln.

"We cannot control that. It rests with the enemy," declared Sherman.

General Grant agreed. He then concluded,

"If Lee will wait where he is for a few days, I will have my army so disposed that if he attempts

to join Johnston I will be at his heels, and he cannot escape."

Two days later, under Grant's immediate command, the Army of the Potomac began to move. Sheridan also pushed ahead, and was soon at Five Forks. His orders were to threaten Lee's extreme right, and if possible, to draw out and flank the Confederates at that point.

Word of Sheridan's intentions reached Lee. He hurried to his right wing with reënforcements, and with desperate courage met Sheridan on the first of April. Sheridan was not to be forced back, however, and at dusk his men went over the Confederate works, and captured six thousand prisoners.

"Good!" said General Grant, when the news came. Then he ordered an attack by his whole army. A terrific cannonade opened from one end of the line to the other. General Weitzel, on the north side of the James River, was ordered to advance against Richmond, and to enter the city if the Confederates withdrew. General Wright and General Parke were directed to make an assault on Petersburg at four o'clock the next morning. General Humphreys and General Ord, of the Army of the James, on the south side of the James, were to attack the moment they saw the enemy's lines weaken.

At four o'clock that Sunday morning, according to plan, the blue-clad columns of Parke and Wright moved out of their trenches. Under a heavy fire from the enemy they went steadily on. They forced their way through an abatis of trees, and pressing ahead despite heavy losses, gained the parapets, and threw themselves into the enemy's outer works. The Confederates fell back precipitately to their inner defenses, and the assailing columns made nearly three thousand prisoners.

Meanwhile General Ord and General Humphreys had attacked the enemy's intrenchments at another point. These also were captured. When the good news reached Grant, he mounted his horse and rode to the front to join the troops inside the fortifications.

General Lee made desperate efforts to regain his line of outer works. He sent his men again and again to the attack. But in vain. Then he called up General Longstreet with his division from the defenses of Richmond.

When General Grant heard this he smiled, and directed General Weitzel to watch his chance for a dash into the Confederate capital.

The people of Richmond heard the heavy cannonading that Sunday morning, but they had grown accustomed to the sound of guns, and paid little

attention. They had come to believe that General Lee was invincible. And so, while Lee's men were fighting with the courage of despair, the churches of Richmond were filling with their usual Sunday throng.

The largest and most fashionable congregation had gathered in St. Paul's, for Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederacy, worshiped there. A hymn had been given out, when a messenger hastily tiptoed up the aisle to the president's pew. He handed the president a message.

President Davis read the note, and his face paled.

It was from General Lee, —

"The enemy has broken my line in three places. Richmond must be evacuated to-night."

Quietly but hurriedly the Confederate president left the church. He hastened to his office and gave orders for the immediate removal of the seat of government to Danville.

The tragic news quickly spread through the city. A reign of terror followed. Warehouses were set on fire to destroy their contents, and, the blaze spreading, the whole center of the city was soon in flames. The people began to flee, mad with fright. The rough element began plundering houses and stores.

The smoke and glare in the sky were seen by General Weitzel, and at eight o'clock the following morning he and his men entered the city. The Northern soldiers were followed by a corps of colored troops, who jubilantly sang their marching song,

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

About the same time General Grant was entering Petersburg. So close were his troops on the heels of the flying enemy that he could have turned his cannon on packed masses of retreating men. But he had not the heart nor the wish to do so.

In expectation of the retreat, General Grant already had sent Sheridan along the south side of the Appomattox River, to seize the road to Danville ahead of Lee, and prevent his escape in that direction.

CHAPTER XIX

The Surrender of Lee

The roads were in a wretched condition for marching. But that now made no difference to the men of the Union army. The end of the war was in sight, and they marched jubilantly in pursuit of the flying enemy, singing, shouting, and laughing.

That evening two soldiers in rebel uniform, who were brought in as prisoners by men of Grant's column, said they wished to see the commanding general. They proved to be Union soldiers from Sheridan's army, in disguise, and brought a message which one had carried in his mouth. The message was from General Sheridan, and read:

"It is of the utmost importance for the success of the move now being made that you come at once to these headquarters. Meade has given his part of the army orders to move in such a manner that Lee may break through and escape."

General Grant ordered a fresh horse and set off at once, without even waiting for a cup of coffee.

Although Sheridan's headquarters were not more than ten miles away, the General had to make a thirty-mile detour, in order to pass round the enemy's lines.

Probably no single act of General Grant's career better showed his vigorous, soldierly qualities than this hasty thirty-mile night ride through an enemy's country, entirely unaccompanied.

He reached Sheridan about midnight, saw General Meade, and countermanded the latter's orders. He explained to Meade that the important object was not the occupation of Richmond, as General Meade seemed to think, but the capture of Lee's army.

With the coming of morning, the retreat of the Confederates and pursuit by the Northern armies continued. At Sailor's Creek a sharp fight took place on the 6th, resulting in the defeat of the Confederates with a loss of 1700 prisoners. General Sheridan, seeing the possibility of success, ended his report of the affair by saying,

"If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender."

Grant forwarded the dispatch to President Lincoln, who immediately replied,

"Let the thing be pressed."

The pursuit continued, and on the 7th it became apparent that the Confederate army was going to pieces. Grant became convinced that Lee would be willing to consider a proposal to surrender. With his usual kindheartedness he began pondering as to how he could bring about that end with the least humiliation to his fallen foe.

From his headquarters on the piazza of a little tavern at Farmville he sent General Lee the following note under a flag of truce:

"The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

An answer came within an hour asking terms of surrender. General Grant's response to this was the statement that there was but one basis upon which peace could be restored — a complete surrender of the Confederate forces.

Lee held a council of war that night, the 8th of April. Around the camp fire were the members of his staff, including General Longstreet, General Fitzhugh Lee, and General Gordon. Lee read

the correspondence he had exchanged with General Grant, and said,

"I am averse to surrendering, but the situation demands it. My desire is now to avoid any further bloodshed."

Some of the younger generals did not share his views. After much discussion General Gordon was selected to lead a forlorn-hope assault on Sheridan's cavalry, in the hope of forcing a way of escape. The attempt was made early Sunday morning, the 9th. For a time the attack appeared to be succeeding. Then suddenly the Union cavalry parted, and the attacking Confederates beheld beyond the cavalry a solid wall of blue-coated infantry. Their last hope was gone!

A few hours later General Grant received from General Lee a message stating that he was willing to discuss terms of surrender. They met at a small farmhouse between the two armies. When Grant entered, the room was partly filled with his own officers. On one side of the room General Lee sat in silence, with Colonel Marshall, his secretary, beside him.

The Confederate general was attired in a spotless new uniform, as though prepared for a grand review. Grant's appearance was in striking contrast. He wore the uniform of a private soldier,

except for the shoulder straps of a lieutenant general. The uniform was stained and splashed with mud, and his trousers were tucked into muddy boots.

Without hesitation the Union general walked to Lee, and they shook hands cordially. Grant's thoughtfulness for the feelings of others was never better shown. Instead of at once taking up the painful matter in hand, he spoke of their former acquaintance in the Mexican War, and of the curious fact that not until this moment had they met again. It was Lee who finally brought up the purpose of their coming together. General Grant then suggested that the terms of surrender be put into writing.

A small table was brought, and in pencil Grant wrote the terms, and handed the paper to Lee.

The final paragraph of this first draft ran thus: —

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside."

The terms were extremely generous. General Lee did not fail to appreciate the fact.

Courtesy of the Century Company.

AFTER THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

Union soldiers sharing their rations with hungry Confederates.

"This will have a most happy effect upon my army," he said, referring particularly to the release of the horses of the cavalrymen, which were the private property of the troopers. Grant's idea was that the men could ride their horses back to their farms, and use them in their spring farm work.

The terms of the surrender being agreed upon, a copy was made in ink, and it was duly signed.

That evening other old West Point classmates and comrades of the Mexican War came from the Confederate lines to thank Grant for his courtesies. He met them all as if nothing had happened. Hooking his arm in that of General Longstreet, and calling him by an old army nickname, he said, "Pete, let's return to the happy old days by playing a game of 'brag.'"

Thus, then and there, on the field of Appomattox, General Grant began his great work of reconciliation and reconstruction. Every order he issued showed the same spirit. He advised against all signs of exultation during the actual surrender. "The war is ended," he said. "Lee and his men are fellow-citizens, of the same nation, and are not to be humiliated."

General Grant's message conveying the momentous news of the surrender to Washington was characteristically plain and brief:

Reproduced, by permission of D. Appleton and Company, from Frederick T. Hill's "On the Trail of Grant and Lee."

Head-Quarters, Appomattox C. H. Va.

April 9th 1865. 4.30 o'clock, P M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec. of War Washington

Gen. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Va this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. Grant
Lt. Gen

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CHAPTER XX

The Death of Lincoln

General Grant reached Washington on the evening of the 13th of April. Like the rest of the country, the capital was ablaze with enthusiasm over the surrender of Lee, and the belief that the war was at an end. Flags fluttered everywhere, and processions marched about the streets singing and cheering. Every mention of the name of Grant was the signal for an outburst of applause.

In the midst of all this joyful excitement General Grant arrived in his usual quiet way. He slipped into Willard's Hotel and registered. Few persons knew he was in the city until the following morning, when notice of his arrival appeared in the papers.

When he left the hotel he paid no attention to the crowds, and their demands for a speech. He proceeded to the War Department and at once set to work upon plans for cutting down the heavy cost of the war. He believed that the conflict was over, and that the $43,000,000 a day which the country had been paying out should be immediately

reduced. He stopped the making of arms, canceled the charters of useless vessels, and cut down the bills for army supplies.

General Grant spent a busy day at his office, and that evening left with Mrs. Grant for Burlington, N.J., where his older children were attending school. In hastening away he had to decline an invitation from President Lincoln to attend the theater with him that evening.

General Grant's love for his children, and his impatience to see them, very possibly saved his life.

On the train late that night he was handed a telegram. It bore appalling news!

"*The President has been assassinated. Return at once.*"

General Grant returned to Washington by special train. The city was almost in a panic. An attempt had also been made upon the life of Secretary of State Seward, and it was feared that the plot included the assassination of General Grant.

Had Grant been slain with Lincoln, the nation would have been thrown into confusion. When it was known that the General was safe, Washington and the whole country were greatly relieved and thankful. With the strong hand of the Lieutenant

General at the helm in the capital, it was felt that the nation was safe.

The assassination of President Lincoln was a great calamity, yet it had little effect on the winding up of the war, thanks to the wisdom of General Grant. His task, however, was made a much more difficult one. Although the murder was recognized as the act of a fanatic, and was as much condemned by the people of the South as by the people of the North, there was much anger and resentment in the North against the South. Extremists demanded that the whole South be punished in some way. Secretary of War Stanton was one of the most bitter on the subject.

But with the same cool judgment and self-restraint that he had shown while fighting the Confederacy, Grant now opposed all harsh demands for revenge. He insisted on carrying out the terms of surrender he had granted to the army of General Lee, and the similar terms which General Sherman had offered General Johnston and his army.

The surrender of General Johnston was the cause of a particularly sharp difference of opinion between Secretary of War Stanton and General Grant. The Secretary went so far as to charge General Sherman with treason in showing sympathy for

the South. General Grant warmly defended Sherman. Finally Grant was ordered by the Secretary of War to proceed to the front and take charge of Sherman's army and the negotiations for the surrender of Johnston. Grant went to the front, but he refused to humiliate Sherman by removing him from his command. He kept in the background until arrangements for the surrender had been completed. This thoughtfulness for Sherman's feelings was greatly appreciated by him, and bound the two men in yet closer friendship.

When Johnston had surrendered, General Grant returned to Washington to complete details for the disbanding of the Union armies. He was warned that he was in danger of sharing President Lincoln's fate, but he gave little heed to it, and went quietly about his business, without guards.

On the 17th of May, a little more than a month after Lincoln's death, an order was issued for a grand review of the Union armies in the east, before the men should disperse to their homes. It was to be the greatest military review in history. The number of men in line would be greater than the combined armies of Napoleon, Cromwell, and Cæsar.

Great preparations were made in Washington. Grandstands were erected, flags and bunting

streamed from every building, and soon the city was a blaze of holiday gayety. The streets were thronged with people in holiday dress, soldiers were everywhere, and officers in brilliant uniforms dashed hither and thither on handsome chargers.

The 23d of May proved a perfect day for the review. A stand had been erected in front of the White House, and at an early hour President Johnson and his party took their places there. On the President's right sat General Grant and Secretary of War Stanton. On his left were seats for General Sherman, General Meade, and other high officers. Around them were ranks of ladies in the wide hoopskirts of those days.

At nine o'clock a signal cannon boomed. A few minutes later down the winding avenue appeared a broad tide of blue, and shimmering steel, and tossing manes. It was the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. With General Meade at their head, the troopers clattered by, seven miles of tossing heads, clanking scabbards, stained blue coats and gleaming sword blades. It was a thrilling picture.

After the cavalry came the infantry, a river of bayonets and men in blue that filled the street from curb to curb as far as the eye could see. The uniforms were dusty and worn, and the faces were

brown and weather-beaten. At intervals fluttered the tattered battle flags beneath which so many thousands had given up their lives, that just such a joyous occasion as this might be realized.

As the columns passed the reviewing stand, the men threw their muskets to the "present," in honor of their beloved commander. It was not the new President they saw, but the quiet little man beside him, who had led them to victory and to the end of the long-drawn war.

Hour after hour the stream poured by, one of the most magnificent spectacles that human eyes had ever beheld, until the Army of the Potomac, eighty thousand strong, had marched on "from war into peace."

The next day came the armies of the west, the grim, dingy, war-worn soldiers of Sherman, who had fought at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, and who claimed Grant as their own. Most of them had marched three thousand miles; some of them were said to have carried their muskets seven thousand miles. Their artillery rumbled after, six guns abreast; then their ambulances and commissariat wagons. They too passed on into peace and into history.

Only once during the two days of the great review did General Grant allow the people more than

a glimpse of him. On the evening of the first day he mounted his horse and rode down the avenue on a business trip. He was recognized, and the crowds that thronged the streets broke into a roar of cheering. He swept by at a gallop, and the noise of the shouting announced his coming a half mile in advance.

The disbanding of the great Union army was not the only military problem now confronting General Grant. During the years of the war an effort had been made by Louis Napoleon of France to create a monarchy in Mexico, with Maximilian of Austria as emperor. General Grant believed that the establishment of a European power across the Rio Grande would perpetually threaten the peace of the United States. He determined to interfere, and an army under General Sheridan was sent to the Mexican border. The action had the desired effect. The French troops were withdrawn from Mexico, and the whole scheme of establishing an American empire came to an end in the execution by the Mexicans of Maximilian, the would-be emperor.

When the dispersal of the Union armies was well under way, General Grant sought the change and rest of a short furlough. He accepted an invitation to be present at the close of the academic year

at West Point. On his way there he stopped off in New York. Ten years before he had landed in that city from the Pacific coast, penniless and practically unknown. Now cannon roared him a welcome, and people swarmed about him wherever he went. From the moment he left the train crowds thronged around him, cheering, and shouting for a speech. He only bowed and smiled, and passed on. At the Astor House he was called upon by the officials of the city, and fifteen thousand people passed by him and shook his hand.

His return to West Point was as much a contrast as his return to New York. He had left the Academy a brevet second lieutenant; he returned as the commander of all the forces of the United States, and recognized as one of the world's greatest generals.

From West Point General Grant went to Chicago. At every station along the way crowds gathered to see him pass. Chicago's reception was a repetition of New York's. Bands serenaded him, crowds mobbed him, and orators delivered speeches lauding him.

An interesting incident in Chicago was General Grant's riding in a procession on the old "claybank" horse that had carried him through the battle of Fort Donelson.

In two weeks General Grant was back in Washington. There was need of him. The President and his Cabinet had determined to arrest the Confederate generals Lee and Johnston on a charge of treason, in spite of the protection guaranteed them by Grant. The man who had fought them so determinedly hastened to their defense.

General Grant's generous attitude toward the whole South was very clearly shown in a letter to his wife written a few weeks previous to this date.

"The people are anxious to see peace restored," he wrote. "The suffering that must exist in the South, even with the war ending now, will be beyond conception. People who talk of further retaliation and punishment, except of political leaders, either do not conceive of the suffering endured already, or they are heartless and unfeeling, and wish to stay at home, out of danger, while the punishment is being inflicted."

General Grant was well fitted for the rôle of peacemaker which he was destined to play. His early life had been spent in a town that was half Northern and half Southern; at West Point and in the army he had associated with many young Southerners. And his wife was a "daughter of the South." He had gone into war without

hate, believing that the Southern people were as honestly convinced of the justice of their cause as were the people of the North, and yet himself convinced that they were mistaken.

On the other hand, President Johnson, President Lincoln's successor, was an extremist, a man who hated the "aristocracy of the South." His unexpected rise to the presidency had turned his head, and his first resolution had been "to make treason odious" — to punish the South severely.

General Grant carried his protest against the arrest of General Lee and General Johnston before the Cabinet. "The people of the North do not wish to inflict torture on the people of the South," he declared.

The President was not to be moved. "When can these men be tried?" he demanded.

"Never," replied General Grant resolutely, "unless they violate their parole."

President Johnson demanded to know by what right a military commander could interfere "to protect an archtraitor from the law"?

It was one of the few occasions on which General Grant was known to have become angry.

"As general, it is none of my business what you or Congress do with General Lee or other commanders," he responded sharply. "You may do

as you please about civil rights, confiscation of property; that does not come into my province. But a general commanding troops has certain responsibilities, and duties, and powers, which are supreme. . . . I have made certain terms with Lee — the best and only terms. If I had told him and his army . . . that they would be open to arrest, trial, and execution for treason, Lee would never have surrendered, and we should have lost many lives in destroying him. Now, my terms of surrender were according to military law, and so long as General Lee observes his parole I will never consent to his arrest. I will resign the command of the army rather than execute any order directing me to arrest Lee, or any of his commanders, so long as they obey the laws."

This declaration of General Grant was successful, and the arrest of Generals Lee and Johnston was never again suggested.

CHAPTER XXI

President Grant

Early in July, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, General Grant left Washington on a vacation trip. He visited Boston, where he was given a great reception in historic Faneuil Hall, then toured Maine and Quebec, and passed on through Canada westward. During the journey through Canada, the Canadians, some fifty thousand of whom had fought on the side of the North in the great war, greeted the General almost as enthusiastically as the citizens of his own country.

The chief event of the holiday trip, however, was the welcome given him in his home town, Galena, Illinois. The town, which was crowded with visitors from all over the state, was gay with flags, and over the principal street two great triumphal arches had been built. One of these bore the amusing and unusual words:

> GENERAL, THE SIDEWALK IS BUILT.

The explanation was as follows: During the previous year, when some one had suggested to

Grant the possibility of his becoming a candidate for the presidency, he had replied, "I am not a candidate for any office, but I would like to be mayor of Galena long enough to fix the sidewalks, especially the one reaching my house."

Not only had the new sidewalk been built, but a new home for the General and his family had also been provided, a house completely furnished and ready for occupancy — a generous and beautiful recognition of his services by his "home town."

General Grant spent several weeks in Galena, greatly enjoying the quiet village life, after the long strife and hardships of the war and the bustle at Washington. On Sunday he delighted to walk with Mrs. Grant to the little church, and to sit in the little hard-board pew they had occupied four years before.

On his way eastward General Grant visited his father and mother at Covington. During his stay he one morning took a team to drive over to Bethel, the home to which he had returned when on his first furlough from West Point. Word of his coming preceded him in some way. A committee of prominent citizens was hurriedly appointed to go out and meet the distinguished visitor. They looked for a party of officers in handsome uniforms, and when they had gone some miles and had seen

no signs of such a cavalcade, they decided that the party must have taken another road. While they were discussing the matter, there approached a smallish man driving a light surrey. They stopped him and asked, "Did you hear anything of General Grant as you came along?"

"Yes; he's on the way," replied the stranger, and passed on, chuckling. Of course it was the General himself. It was a discomfited reception committee that arrived in town some time after their guest.

When General Grant returned to Washington he found himself in the midst of new problems. Great questions were being discussed — the huge public debt left by the war, the protection and enfranchisement of the negroes in the South, and the many puzzling problems of "reconstruction." Also, politicians were planning for the next presidential election.

President Johnson, Stanton, Seward, Sumner, and many others were working to secure the nomination. Johnson endeavored to use General Grant to forward his interests. When Grant's words and acts promised to help him, the President appropriated their credit to himself; when they did not, he distorted them, and secretly sought to undermine and discredit the General. Previously

he had called for the punishment of the South for the war; now, believing the South might help him to win the presidency, he was granting extraordinary and dangerous privileges to the conquered states, without the sanction of Congress.

This course greatly added to the difficulties of the situation. And as the South was still under martial law, the weight of the burden fell on the shoulders of the commander in chief, General Grant. As always, he bore his troubles uncomplainingly.

All through the summer of 1866 President Johnson continued to seek the support of the South, hoping to win its backing, and at the same time please the Democratic party in the North. Finally he brought upon himself a storm of denunciation.

He sought to put himself right before the people of the North, and made a trip to Chicago, seemingly for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the Douglas monument, but really for the opportunity of making speeches. In order to appear to have the support of Grant, he requested the General to accompany him.

The result was unexpected. The President began his tour late in August, speaking first at Baltimore and Philadelphia. And at once it was evident that not the President, but General Grant was the

chief attraction to the public. Everywhere the heartiest cheers were for him. Wherever he went the people cried, "Grant! Grant!"

As the President went westward the receptions grew cooler for the chief executive and warmer for the general. Frequently when Grant did not show himself in response to calls, the crowds insisted, and continued shouting his name until he appeared. In Cleveland, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis it was the same. The meetings merely served as popular receptions for Grant.

During the bitter struggle which continued between President Johnson and Congress, over the President's alleged favoritism toward the South, and which finally resulted in the impeachment trial of President Johnson, General Grant remained unchanged. He was impartial and conscientious, and strove to do everything in his power to establish peace and friendship between the North and the South. And two years later, when the Republican national convention assembled in Chicago to nominate a candidate for the presidency, but one name was submitted — Ulysses S. Grant.

The nomination was one of the most notable occasions in the country's political history. Nearly all the great commanders of the war were there,

enthusiastic for their great chief. The delegates could hardly take time for the opening formalities, so eager were they to honor Grant. When nominations were at last called for, General Logan rose and said:

"Then, sir, in the name of the loyal citizens and soldiers and sailors of this great republic, in the name of loyalty, liberty, humanity, and justice, I nominate as candidate for the chief magistracy of this nation, Ulysses S. Grant."

The enthusiasm that followed was boundless. The audience leaped to its feet as one man, and cheered again and again. So complete was the feeling of the convention that a delegate from South Carolina, when he could make himself heard, moved that the vote be taken by acclamation. But the reply was "No! No!" The states wanted an opportunity to further express their enthusiasm, and a call of the roll was demanded.

Alabama gave eighteen votes for Grant. The spokesman for California shouted, "We come here two thousand miles to cast our vote for General Grant!" Colorado said, "The Rocky Mountains of Colorado bring Grant all they have — six votes." Georgia cast eighteen votes, "heartily desiring to speed the restoration of the Union." Kansas gave him six votes "from the state of John

Brown." Ohio cast "forty-two votes for her illustrious son." Virginia, "rising from the grave that General Grant dug for her at Appomattox in 1865," brought him twenty votes. And so the voting went on with like expressions of boundless enthusiasm.

The chairman announced the result: "Gentlemen of the convention, the roll is completed. You have six hundred and fifty votes, and you have given six hundred and fifty votes for Ulysses S. Grant."

The delegates again rose and cheered themselves hoarse, while a curtain at the rear of the stage ascended, and added to the tumult by disclosing a portrait of the General, supported by the Goddess of Liberty, with the motto above, "Match him!"

In the campaign that followed General Grant himself took no part. His party managers sought to persuade him to make a speaking tour, but he steadfastly declined. "If the people wish to make me President, they will do so," he said.

And as we know, they did.

CHAPTER XXII

Eight Years in the White House

General Grant's unaffected manner did not leave him when he entered the White House, after simple inauguration ceremonies on the 4th of March. Indeed, there has not been at the head of the nation a truer representative of its democratic life than President Grant.

He went about unattended, and the humblest of his old friends from Galena or Georgetown was as welcome at the executive mansion as the greatest social leader, or the most distinguished visitor from abroad. He dressed simply on all occasions. It was some time before he would consent to wear conventional evening dress, and the white tie, which he especially disliked. But when he understood the importance attached to formal visits among high government officials, he insisted that they should be paid and returned strictly according to usage. He had no wish to offend social custom.

An English newspaper correspondent who visited the new President was surprised to find the Capitol grounds unguarded and the gates unlocked, "as

if the United States were peopled with none but honest men and friends."

"Like all great men," the correspondent wrote, "he is simplicity itself. I had heard a great deal of the gallant soldier, but I never felt more impressed. He talks little. If possible, he receives every one. I found this great man affable and just in his remarks, courteous in his demeanor, and the mode in which he shakes hands told me at once of his sincerity and honesty. None of his portraits do him justice. His head is larger than any of the portraits represent. His beard is fair, and there is a peculiar softness in his eyes. And in the few sentences with which he favored me I perceived the most robust common sense. I left the executive mansion convinced that the United States had an honest man at its head — a soldier with an iron will."

President Grant's loyalty to his friends of humbler days, and to his comrades of the army, was a cause of some criticism. He had always disliked and mistrusted professional politicians; and now he not unnaturally passed over such men in filling the many new appointments that were to be made. Many offices were given to soldiers, and he was soon charged with running what was called a "military government."

An appointment which showed President Grant in his usual generous rôle, but which caused especial faultfinding, was the naming of the Confederate General James Longstreet to be surveyor of the port of New Orleans.

One of the most important questions of Grant's first year as President was the annexation of Santo Domingo. The people of the island had asked to be made a part of the United States, and Grant was favorable to the idea. He believed that the annexing of the island would help solve the negro question in the South; that the negroes would emigrate thither in large numbers, and that the lessened number remaining would receive better treatment. The plan met with strong opposition, particularly from Senator Sumner, who charged that Grant proposed the plan because he had business interests in Santo Domingo.

The annexation move was rejected, but five months later President Grant brought the matter up again, and asked for an investigation of the whole question by a committee. He had been accused, he said, and he demanded that Sumner's charges be taken up and sifted. A commission was appointed, and an investigation held.

Speaking to Andrew D. White, the president of the commission, the President said:

"As President of the United States I have no orders to give you. My duty as President ended with your nomination. As a man I have a right to give some instructions. It has been publicly charged that I am connected with transactions in the Island of Santo Domingo looking to my personal advantage. Now, as a man, I charge you strictly that if you find that I am, directly or indirectly, in the least degree, connected with any such transactions in the Island of Santo Domingo, drag me forth and expose me fully to the American people."

The commissioners unanimously sustained the President, and exonerated him from any complicity with the transactions referred to.

Meantime the administration under President Grant had carried out many other beneficial measures. At his recommendation, civil service examinations were substituted for appointment through political influence to certain government offices; the claims against England arising from the fitting out in an English port of the Confederate warship *Alabama* were settled by arbitration; the Fifteenth Amendment, compelling the Southern states to acknowledge the political rights of the negro, was passed; and meanwhile the famous Ku Klux Klan, the lawless organization which sought by violence to prevent the emancipated

slaves from asserting their independence, was being suppressed with firmness. Other important developments were the readmission into the Union, early in 1870, of the states of Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, and Texas.

The cares of office did not affect the President in his private life. He continued as considerate and thoughtful of his wife, and as fond of the company of his children. He could always be interested in other young people as well. A group of boys who were in the habit of playing baseball behind the White House frequently had him for a spectator. Sometimes he would umpire their games, and occasionally would even take a hand at the bat, to the delight of the boys. "After playing for a while," recalled one of them, "he would put his hands behind him, and stroll away down the avenue. He seemed a kind and fatherly man to us."

Those were days of extreme political feeling and of "political mud slinging" which, happily, have almost passed. Public speakers and newspapers made the most extravagant charges against their political opponents, in an endeavor to blacken their characters. From such attacks even as kindly and straightforward a man as President Grant could not escape.

He was very fond of Long Branch, New Jersey, and spent his summer vacations there with his family. He still loved horses, and was often to be seen driving a handsome team over the New Jersey roads. This provided certain newspapers with material for exaggeration. His turnouts were described as the most magnificent ever seen. The brass mountings of the harness were declared to be gold. Two modest cottages which he built were spoken of as expensive mansions.

The particular purpose of the attacks was to show that he was fond of fast horses and fast living. He was said to "show already the effects of the larder and the wine cellar." Cartoonists represented him as a heavy, sullen-faced man, followed about by two sullen bull pups. As a matter of fact, Grant never owned a dog in his life, and did not care for them.

The first serious charge made against President Grant arose in September, during his first year in the White House. A number of stockbrokers arranged a "corner" in gold, which resulted in a business panic. Quite innocently the President had allowed himself to accept the hospitality of two of the leaders involved in the "corner," and the visit was used to implicate him. At the time of the panic the President was visiting a cousin in

Washington, Pennsylvania, some distance from the railroad, and knew nothing of the disturbance until it was at its height. He returned to the capital immediately, and ordered the Treasury to sell five million dollars of gold. This relieved the market, and broke the panic.

In spite of the attacks made upon him, President Grant lost none of his popularity with the people of the country. When the second year of his administration had passed, and his popularity continued, it was seen that he would be a natural candidate for a second term. His political opponents thereupon began working up sentiment to prevent his renomination, using the cry "Anything to beat Grant." A campaign of falsehood was brought to a climax in a speech by Senator Sumner before the United States Senate.

Among other ridiculous charges, Sumner declared the nation to be in great peril because of the desire of Grant to become a permanent dictator of the country's policies.

The charges had no effect. When the nominating convention met in Philadelphia, the enthusiasm for Grant was as great as that shown by the Chicago convention four years before, and he was named by acclamation to run again for the presidency.

During the campaign that followed, the charges

made against the President by his enemies exceeded all their previous efforts. It is difficult to-day to believe that a man who had been so useful to his country could be made the target of such slanders. His life was searched through for every act which might be distorted to his discredit. His words were misquoted and made to appear falsehoods. Cartoonists went to the limit of coarseness in caricaturing him. One always represented him as a drunkard wearing a crown. This was to carry out the idea of his alleged wish to become the "dictator" of the country.

One of the most absurd charges against him was that he was already the richest President since the time of Washington. As a matter of fact Grant had saved comparatively little; but for Mrs. Grant he probably would have saved nothing at all.

During all this period, although he suffered keenly, President Grant remained silent. The answer to all his enemies came from the people, in his triumphant reëlection.

The chief thought in President Grant's second inaugural address was again the restoration of friendship between all sections of the country. To this wish he added a larger hope which showed a breadth of interest wider even than his own country. "The great Governor of the World," said

the President, "is preparing the nations of the earth to become one nation, speaking one language; and the time is coming when armies and navies will no longer be required."

The troubles of reconstruction were by no means over in the South. Rioting occurred in the streets of New Orleans between the "White Democracy" and what was called the "carpet-bag" element from the North — "grafters," as they would be termed to-day — who secured their ends through the ignorant negro voters. The President expressed his sympathy for the people of the South, but resolutely upheld the laws passed for the purpose of bringing order out of chaos. "Treat the negro as a citizen and a voter, for such he is and must remain," he declared, "and politics will be divided, not on the color line, but on principle."

The President saw that the Southern whites were not altogether to be blamed. Under the lead of the "carpet baggers," ignorant negro assemblymen had passed scandalous appropriation bills. Nevertheless, as the President said, the Southerners had brought these things upon themselves by refusing to recognize the rights of the negroes, and by rejecting the Fourteenth Amendment, with its necessary and just reduction of Southern political power.

"Henceforth there will be no child's play," he declared; "the laws will be executed, and the peace will be maintained in every street and highway of the United States."

The people of the South knew Grant was a man of his word, and this clear, determined statement brought the reign of lawlessness to an end.

From this time on conditions steadily improved, and the feeling between the two sections of the country became kindlier. In his message to Congress in 1875 President Grant stated that the time had come to withdraw all federal interference with state affairs in the South; that the people there could now be left to work out their problems in their own way.

The announcement meant that with the drawing to a close of Grant's second term, the great work of reconstruction — the most difficult task that had ever faced a President of the United States — had been practically completed.

Up to the end of his eight years in the White House, more or less faultfinding with President Grant continued. But as soon as his term was ended there was a change of feeling to such friendliness that Grant was surprised and greatly affected. As at the conclusion of the war, wherever he went

he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and all manner of social functions were held in his honor.

The great things he had accomplished were thus finally recognized.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Trip Abroad

Now that the burdens of the presidency were off his shoulders, General Grant determined to take a real vacation. It was due him. Since the beginning of the war, now sixteen years past, he had had scarcely a day when he was entirely free.

For years he had wished to travel. He decided on a trip abroad; and in the month of May, with Mrs. Grant and his third son, Jesse Grant, he sailed from Philadelphia on the steamship *Indiana*. Great crowds saw him off, and waved farewells from the wharves and the decks of a fleet of vessels that accompanied the *Indiana* down the bay.

After a rough passage, which proved the General to be a good sailor, the *Indiana* arrived at Liverpool. Here, to General Grant's surprise, he found the ships in the harbor covered with flags, and the docks crowded with people, cheering and waving him a welcome. His surprise was increased when on landing he was met by the mayor of Liverpool,

and was made a guest of the city. He had not anticipated such a reception in England.

In welcoming him the mayor spoke briefly, but in warm admiration.

"General Grant," he said, "I am proud that it has fallen to my lot, as Chief Magistrate of Liverpool, to welcome to the shores of England so distinguished a citizen of the United States. You have, sir, stamped your name on the history of the world by your brilliant career as a soldier, and still more as a statesman in the interests of peace. In the name of Liverpool, whose interests are so closely allied with your great country, I bid you heartily welcome, and I hope Mrs. Grant and yourself will enjoy your visit to Old England."

On the following day General Grant and his party were shown the sights of the city and the great docks, and were then tendered a banquet. Later a reception was held, at which some ten thousand persons met the distinguished American.

A similar hearty welcome awaited General Grant at the great manufacturing city of Manchester.

During the Civil War the people of Manchester had suffered severely through the closing of their cotton mills, as a result of the blockade of Southern cotton ports. Nevertheless the city had shown strong sympathy for the Northern cause, notably

by the holding of several great mass meetings to express their opposition to slavery. General Grant did not fail to recall this fact in responding to the mayor's address of welcome.

From Manchester the General proceeded to London, stopping on the way at Leicester and Bedford.

A letter written by General Grant after his arrival in London is interesting, as showing the impression made upon him by his reception in England. The letter was addressed to a close friend, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. In part it read as follows: —

"I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for the formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy. But what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port at Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing room, and the streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop were packed. The demonstration was, to all appearances, as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure. The Mayor was present with his state carriage, to

convey us to the hotel; and after that he took us to his beautiful country residence, some six miles out, where we were entertained with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large party was given at the official residence of the Mayor in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities in the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and at one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place. . . . I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud that it is respected by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousies between England and the United States abated, and every sore healed. Together, they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove causes of war by creating mutual interests that would be so much endangered by war. . . ."

On the morning after his arrival in London, General Grant was formally introduced to the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. Invitations to countless dinners and receptions followed, and on June 15 he was presented with the freedom of the City of London, the greatest formal honor that Europe has to offer.

The ceremonies were most imposing, and took place in the historic old Guildhall, in the presence of eight hundred invited guests. The freedom — a document declaring General Grant to be an honorary citizen, or freeman, of the city — was presented in a golden casket. This was a small but beautifully designed box of gold, supported at the corners by four golden eagles and at the ends by two female figures representing the City of London and the American Republic. On one side was a panel showing a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the other a picture of the Guildhall. The cover was surmounted by the city's crest.

The address accompanying the presentation paid General Grant many sincere tributes, both as a general and as a president.

"We not only recognize in you a citizen of the United States, but one who has made a distinguished mark in American history," said the

Lord Mayor, "a soldier whose military capabilities brought him to the front in the hour of his country's sorest trial, and enabled him to strike the blow which terminated fratricidal war and reunited his distracted country; who also manifested magnanimity in the hour of triumph, and amidst the national indignation created by the assassination of the great and good Abraham Lincoln, by obtaining for vanquished adversaries the rights of capitulated brothers in arms, when some would have treated them as traitors to their country. . . ."

General Grant's response was characteristically modest.

"I believe that this honor is intended quite as much for the country which I have had the opportunity of serving," he declared, "and I am glad that this is so, because I want to see the happiest relations existing, not only between the United States and Great Britain, but also between the United States and all other nations. Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace. I hope that we shall always settle our differences in all future negotiations as amicably as we did in a recent instance [the *Alabama* claims]. I believe

that settlement has had a happy effect on both countries, and that from month to month, and year to year, the tie of common civilization and common blood is getting stronger between the two countries. My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen, I again thank you for the honor you have done me and my country to-day."

London's entertainment of General Grant was concluded with a magnificent display of fireworks at the Crystal Palace. One of the flaming pictures shown was a huge portrait of the General himself, and this was followed by a representation of the Capitol at Washington. During the display American and English national airs were played by massed bands, and famous opera singers led a chorus in the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The weeks that followed brought no abatement in the lionizing of the great American soldier. One honor followed another; and on the 26th of June General Grant's party proceeded to Windsor, on the invitation of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, took dinner with the queen, and remained her guests until the following day.

That the desire to pay tribute to General Grant was universal was shown on his return to London. He was there called upon by a deputation of

workingmen from many different trades, and was presented with a handsomely engrossed address by the representative of the Iron Founders' Society. General Grant received the workmen with marked cordiality, and declared that no other reception had given him greater pleasure.

"I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, or indeed in any other country, is due to the labor performed," he said, in replying to the deputation. "The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government, or no leading class, or nothing to preserve. . . ."

Early in July General Grant and his party left England for the continent. At Ostend they were welcomed by a representative of King Leopold of Belgium, who placed a royal railway carriage at their disposal. Thus luxuriously, they traveled to the old and interesting city of Ghent, then to the capital, Brussels. There, among other historic places, they visited the ancient and beautiful Hotel de Ville, or city hall, and wrote their names in the *Livre d'Or*, a book in which distinguished visitors had inscribed their names for many generations.

From Brussels the party traveled to Cologne and Coblentz, on the Rhine; to Wiesbaden and

Frankfort, everywhere being greeted by great crowds anxious to see the famous American.

In August the General and his party recrossed the English Channel and made a tour of Scotland, where he was received with honors similar to those showered upon him elsewhere.

In all his speeches in reply to addresses of welcome, and in letters to friends at home, General Grant continued modestly to describe the attentions paid him as being really paid to the United States. In part this may have been so, but with the great mass of people their applause was a tribute of admiration for Grant himself, as a man who had risen from a humble station in life to the highest place his country had to offer. The English middle classes were especially enthusiastic. At a reception in Newcastle not less than 80,000 workingmen and miners gathered to greet the ex-President, and to hear him speak.

This probably was the greatest and most enthusiastic demonstration of General Grant's tour abroad. Previous to the speech-making, which took place on a wide plain outside the city, a great procession of workingmen's societies was held. Banners with various devices were borne. The Operative Painters carried a picture representing the breaking of the chains of slavery, and

the inscription, "Welcome to the Liberator." The Tanners bore a banner with the words, "Welcome Back, General Grant, from Arms to Art," and, "Nothing Like Leather" — in reference to the fact that General Grant himself had once been in the tanning business.

In October General Grant once more crossed to the continent, to begin a year of traveling from country to country. Everywhere he was received with the same unusual honors, everywhere there were crowds to greet him. Indeed, the only variation consisted in the different customs of different lands in honoring a distinguished visitor, and in the sightseeing each country had to offer.

He visited France, the southern part of Italy, then the island of Sicily. Here he spent a novel Christmas on board the American warship *Vandalia*. The dinner was served in the evening, in a dining saloon decorated with flowers, green vines, and bunting; and on returning to the deck, General Grant found the other neighboring ships — American, British, and German — ablaze with fireworks. The loud cheering of the sailors told him that the display was in his honor.

Malta was next visited, then Egypt, where General Grant was the special guest of the khedive, and lived in a palace in Cairo. In a special steamer,

also placed at his disposal, he made a thousand-mile journey up the Nile, and saw many of the wonderful pyramids, temples, and ruined cities of the Land of the Pharaohs.

From Egypt General Grant sailed for the Holy Land, and landed at Jaffa. The General had not expected a reception at this ancient port, so often mentioned in the Bible. To his surprise, several of the narrow, crooked streets were decorated with ribbons, wreaths, and flags, and over one was an archway bearing the words, "Welcome, General Grant."

A further unexpected greeting came a few days later. On the way to Jerusalem, by rough, jolting wagons without tops, the General's party found a large escort awaiting them on the banks of a brook at Koleniyeh — the brook in which David found the stones for his famous encounter with Goliath.

The escort included a picturesque troop of Turkish cavalry; and for General Grant's use a beautiful white Arab horse, with gold-mounted trappings. In this stately fashion, riding beside a Turkish officer at the head of the column, General Grant entered Jerusalem.

The feature of the General's stay in the Holy City was of course the visiting of its many places of sacred interest. With priests of various churches

as guides, even those of the Mohammedan faith, he viewed the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, Calvary. Beyond the city he visited Nazareth, Bethany, and Bethlehem.

The war between Russia and Turkey, which had just ended, affected General Grant's reception in Constantinople, where he arrived early in March. This pleased rather than disappointed the traveler, however. He enjoyed himself quietly, visiting the mosques, bazaars, and other places of interest in the Turkish metropolis; then on to Athens.

The citizens of the Greek capital welcomed him with enthusiasm. In fact, he was showered with more invitations to receptions, dinners, and other functions than he could have accepted in many months. An unusual honor paid him, during a great fireworks display, was the illumination of the historic Parthenon, "the most perfect of all buildings."

From Athens the General passed on to Rome, where his countless invitations included a great military review, a state dinner by King Humbert, and a pleasant, informal audience with Pope Leo XIII.

The month of May found General Grant traveling through France, Holland, and Germany. His reception in the German capital, Berlin, was not

less cordial than it had been elsewhere. A review of troops was arranged by the Crown Prince, now Emperor William, and a grand dinner was given in the General's honor by Prince Bismarck. The meeting of the great American soldier and the great German statesman was one of the notable incidents of General Grant's tour.

The Fourth of July found the General and his party in Hamburg. In honor of the day, as well as of the distinguished visitor, a military band awakened the General early in the morning by playing American airs before his hotel. The shipping in the harbor also celebrated with a lavish display of bunting and German and American flags. In the evening a dinner was given the General by the American residents.

An incident of the banquet showed that General Grant had lost none of his modesty after a year of almost constant lionizing. In the course of the speech-making he was toasted as "the man who had saved the country."

"What saved the Union," said our ever-generous great man in reply, "was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. . . . To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those

who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit, there will be no fear for the Union."

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, next entertained the ex-President, and on the 13th of July 10,000 Norwegians greeted him on the docks at Christiania. His stay here, and the trip through rural Norway and Sweden, the General afterward described as one of the most enjoyable parts of his journeyings. Every town and village through which he passed was decorated with arches and flags.

He also enjoyed his visit to Russia — to St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), to Moscow, and to Warsaw, the capital of Poland. Vienna, the home of Mozart, Strauss, and Beethoven, was the next stop, then Lyons, in the south of France, and Bordeaux.

"Sunny Spain" welcomed General Grant in the latter part of October — with military reviews, dinners, and receptions, mixed with sightseeing. The young king, Alfonso XII, who was extremely friendly, received his visitor with the honors due a captain general, the highest military rank in the Spanish army.

General Grant's stay in Madrid barely escaped being made memorable by a tragic happening. On

the evening previous to their departure, while the General and Mrs. Grant were seated on the hotel balcony, the king passed at the head of some of his troops, and waved them a cordial greeting. A moment after, a shot was fired at the king by a would-be assassin. Happily, the young ruler escaped.

From Spain General Grant passed on into Portugal, and visited Lisbon. The King of Portugal, Don Luis I, hearing of the General's arrival, came into the city specially to meet him, and later received him in formal audience at the royal palace. After a long, friendly conversation, his majesty asked the General to accept the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, a high Portuguese decoration. General Grant declined, however, as the wearing of foreign decorations is opposed to American practice.

Cordova, Spain, was next visited; then Seville, and Cadiz; and once more Paris and London. On the 3d of January, 1879, the General fulfilled a promise made on his arrival in Europe, and visited Dublin, Ireland. His arrival was the occasion of a most enthusiastic demonstration. The freedom of the city was presented to him, in a carved bog-oak casket, and an elaborate banquet followed.

Other cities in Ireland also extended a hearty

welcome. At Londonderry he found a "sea of faces" awaiting him. At Belfast the mills were closed down, so that the workmen might greet the noted visitor, and all the public buildings were decorated with the British and American flags.

CHAPTER XXIV

Turning toward Home

The trip to Ireland concluded General Grant's European tour. He returned to France, and on January 24, 1879, sailed from Marseilles for Alexandria, Egypt; proceeded by train to Suez, on the Red Sea, and there boarded the steamship *Venetia* for Bombay.

As the date of sailing was earlier than that first planned, General Grant had looked forward to arriving in Bombay unannounced, like any ordinary traveler, and to seeing India in the quiet way he preferred. He was to be disappointed. The *Venetia* entered Bombay harbor to find the shipping alive with flags and the wharves crowded with soldiers, natives, and Europeans.

Before the vessel reached the dock, a boat came alongside with an officer bearing a welcome from the governor of the Presidency of Bombay, and offering the General the use of the Government House, or official residence, during his stay in the city. On the landing, a military guard of honor

presented arms, while a band played the American national air, and high English and native officials welcomed General Grant formally to the shores of India. A troop of native cavalry then escorted the party to the Government House, through streets crowded with thousands of dark-skinned natives of every type and rank.

The welcome to Bombay was but the beginning of attentions paid General Grant by both English and native officials during his entire stay in India. At Agra, famous for its wonderful building, the beautiful Taj Mahal, which he next visited, he was met by elephants sent by the Maharajah of Jeypore to convey him over the next stage of his journey. At Bhurtpoor the party were provided with carriages drawn by camels for their sight-seeing.

Lucknow, made famous by the defense of its garrison during the Indian mutiny of 1857, was next visited. Here the General found an American mission school for girls. The school, which was held in the open, under a great tree, greeted their distinguished visitor with the singing in English of "John Brown."

Calcutta, the capital of India, was reached on the 10th of March. The General was warmly welcomed by Lord Lytton, the viceroy, who ten-

dered him a banquet which probably was the most picturesque event of his travels. In addition to many British officials in uniform, it was attended by a great array of Indian princes and potentates, attired in the richest and most brilliant costumes of the East.

Other places visited were Delhi; Benares, where many thousands of Indian pilgrims were bathing in the sacred waters of the river Ganges; and Allahabad, the Hindoo "City of God," a Mecca for countless pilgrims.

General Grant greatly enjoyed his tour through India, and it was with regret at not being able to prolong his visit that he set sail for Burmah, across the Bay of Bengal. After a brief stay at Rangoon, he proceeded to Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, and then turned aside to accept for a few days an invitation from King Chulahlongkorn of Siam.

The visit to China, which followed, was one of the interesting periods of General Grant's tour. His coming had been duly heralded.

"White barbarians" of rank were a novelty in China in 1879, and in order that the great American might be paid suitable honors, proclamations were issued to the people.

One read in part as follows:—

"We have just heard that the King of America, being on friendly terms with China, will leave America early in the third month, bringing with him a suite of officers, etc., all complete, on board the ship. It is said that he is bringing a large number of rare presents with him, and that he will be here in Canton about the 6th or 9th of May."

Owing to adverse tides, it was evening when the United States gunboat *Ashuelot*, by which General Grant continued his journey from Hong Kong, arrived at Canton. A great crowd that had been waiting all the afternoon had disappeared, but the steamship-landing was decorated with lanterns, and Chinese gunboats and junks in the river burned blue lights, fired rockets, and displayed American flags, by way of welcome.

The following day General Grant was to pay a formal visit to the viceroy of the province. Great crowds gathered in the gardens of the American Consulate, waiting for the procession that was to escort the "King of America." The officers of the American warship were present, in full uniform, and the Chinese turned from one to another in perplexity, unable to decide which of them was the visiting monarch. It did not enter their minds that the quietly-dressed man sitting on the piazza could be the "king" in question.

At last a Tartar officer arrived with a detachment of soldiers, followed by coolies bearing sedan chairs. General Grant, attired in evening dress, entered the largest of the chairs, and the mystery was solved. Greatly, of course, to the disappointment of the crowd. "This is a 'barbarian' king, truly," they doubtless thought, "without even a feather in his hat!"

The procession would have seemed a strange one to our eyes. First rode the Tartar officer, in his brilliant silk uniform, on a small gray pony. Then came a detachment of soldiers, armed with spears and ancient muskets, who forced the crowd back and kept up a constant shouting, warning the people to behave themselves and show respect to the "foreign barbarian." Next came the General, in his chair.

As befitting his rank, General Grant's chair was an elaborate conveyance, with a silver globe crowning its narrow roof. Its color was green, green being the color next in rank to yellow, which was sacred to the use of the emperor. The chair was swung on a long bamboo pole, and borne by eight men. After the General came more soldiers, then the members of the General's party, in chairs.

The distance to the palace was three miles. The streets for the entire distance were packed with

people. There was no cheering or other applause, however. The crowd stood and stared in silence. This was one of the new experiences that China provided. Chinese crowds make no demonstration; they simply stand and gaze with quietly curious faces. Even the strange fact that the "King of America" was not attired in all the colors of the rainbow brought no outward expression of what must have been an acute disappointment.

Probably the viceroy was similarly disappointed. If so, he concealed the fact, and met General Grant with perfect courtesy, as did also a great company of officials and high army officers in brilliant silken costumes.

The banquet which the viceroy tendered General Grant was a memorable function. Seventy courses were served, and included many strange dishes. Cake and fruit-rolls made the first course; then followed in order, apricot kernels and melon seeds; ham with bamboo sprouts; smoked duck and cucumbers; pickled chicken and beans; red shrimps with leeks; spiced sausage with celery; fish with fir-tree cones and sweet pickles; peaches preserved in honey; fresh fruits; fruits dried in honey; chestnuts; crab apples with honey gold-cake; water chestnuts; fresh thorn apples; bird's-nest soup; roast duck; mushrooms and pigeons' eggs;

sharks' fins and sea crabs, as well as many other startling and unusual viands.

Having survived the viceroy's hospitality, General Grant resumed his journey and sailed for Shanghai. Here he was received with a thundering naval welcome by the American man-of-war *Monocacy*, and Chinese, French, German, and English warships. The chief event of the General's stay at Shanghai was a wonderful illumination of the city, the harbor front, and the shipping in the harbor. "Wherever you looked," wrote a member of the party, "was a blaze of light and fire; of rockets careering in the air, of Roman lights, and every variety of fire. The ships in the harbor were a blaze of color, and looked as if they were pieces of fireworks."

The various consulates, club houses, hotels, and public buildings were outlined in lanterns, and bore in flaming letters such words as:

"WELCOME TO GRANT."

"THE FAME OF GRANT
ENCIRCLES THE WORLD."

"WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, GRANT —
THREE IMMORTAL AMERICANS."

During the evening a firemen's procession was held, each engine preceded by a band playing

American airs. The favorites were "John Brown" and "Marching through Georgia."

At Tien Tsin, General Grant's next stop, he met the famous viceroy, Li Hung Chang. The Chinese statesman showed himself well acquainted with General Grant's military career, and the two great men of the two widely different countries formed a lasting friendship. Among the honors paid the General by Li Hung Chang was the use of a sedan chair lined with yellow silk. Such a chair had never before been used by any one in China save the emperor.

General Grant's visit to the Chinese capital, Peking, which followed, was without special incident, due partly to the fact that the emperor, then a mere child of seven years, was too young to receive distinguished visitors. Instead, the General paid a formal visit to Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, and devoted his time chiefly to sightseeing in this, the greatest of Chinese cities. He was much interested in the great wall surrounding the city — eighteen miles in circumference, and wide enough to permit twelve horsemen, riding abreast, to traverse its top.

The stay in Peking was short, and returning to Tien Tsin, the General and his party boarded the

United States warship *Richmond*, and sailed for Japan.

The Flowery Kingdom's reception of General Grant was as hearty as that of China. When the *Richmond* arrived in Nagasaki Harbor, on the 21st of June, the entire city was a flutter of flags, and the waterfront was crowded with a picturesque throng to greet the "American Mikado." The *Richmond* ran up the Japanese standard, and fired twenty-one guns, whereupon the Japanese forts and warships replied gun for gun with crashing salutes. A state barge appeared, and Prince Dati, a nobleman of the highest rank, boarded the *Richmond*, and formally welcomed General Grant in the name of the Emperor of Japan.

The American party went ashore in the barge. At the landing they ascended steps covered with red cloth, between ranks of soldiers and banks of people crowding every inch of space on either hand.

Jinrikishaws — light, two-wheeled carriages pulled by "rickshaw" men — had been provided to convey the party to their stopping-place. This was a normal school which had been evacuated and prepared specially for the General's coming. The school was situated a half mile from the landing; and the entire route was decorated with American and Japanese flags entwined, and

with arches of green boughs and flowers. The crowds, in their picturesque, many-colored costumes, bowed low as the General passed.

The several days spent in Nagasaki brought an almost constant round of entertainment, with fireworks and wonderful lantern illuminations of the entire city at night. One of the most elaborate events was a dinner tendered by the citizens of Nagasaki, and given in an old temple. It was novel in many respects. Each guest had a diminutive table to himself, and the leading merchants of the city acted as waiters, each assisted by a small army of attendants dressed in the costumes of old Japan. The bill of fare, while not as lengthy as that of the memorable dinner at Canton, included many strange dishes, and from time to time the banquet was interrupted by a programme of music and dancing. One dance which amused the General was a pantomime representing a dragon at play, performed by eight tiny children, just old enough to toddle.

From Nagasaki General Grant passed on, aboard the *Richmond*, for Yokohama, there to receive another enthusiastic welcome of fluttering flags, music, booming guns, and immense, picturesque Japanese crowds.

In part the welcome at Yokohama was also the

greeting of Tokio, which is but twenty miles distant; and when the preliminary ceremonies at Yokohama had concluded, the General boarded a special train and proceeded to the capital. There, in the emperor's private carriage, he was driven through streets decorated with flowers and evergreens, and lined with troops, to the emperor's beautiful summer palace, which had been prepared for him.

The stay in Tokio was an almost uninterrupted succession of fêtes, banquets, and other forms of entertainment. The most notable incident was one which we would have considered extremely commonplace.

The emperor, on meeting General Grant, shook him by the hand. Simple enough! But in doing this the Mikado broke a custom of Japanese royalty dating back more than a thousand years! For the Japanese imperial family is the most ancient in the world, coming down in unbroken succession from the year 660 B.C.

The day following General Grant's arrival in Tokio was the Glorious Fourth — his second spent in a foreign land; and in honor of the occasion the General was overwhelmed with visitors. Princes of the imperial family, princesses, members of the cabinet, naval and military officers, minis-

ters, consuls, and citizens called at the summer palace in an endless stream of carriages and 'rickshaws. In the evening there was a Fourth of July party at one of the summer gardens, at which the General met the American residents of Tokio.

While social attentions kept the General busy, he yet found time for sightseeing, and made a number of excursions into the country surrounding the capital. Everywhere he was received with the greatest courtesy, and greatly enjoyed the picturesque scenery and life of this most picturesque of countries.

Indeed, so thoroughly did General Grant enjoy Japan that he prolonged his stay, and at last, with genuine regret, made preparations to leave.

The departure was attended with as much ceremony as the General's arrival. Troops lined the entire route from the summer palace to the railway station, and the streets were thronged with people in holiday dress. A train decorated with American and Japanese flags entwined bore the party to Yokohama, where were more soldiers and surging crowds. The shipping in the harbor was again bright with bunting, and when General Grant and his party, aboard the *City of Tokio*, passed from the bay and headed east for the long voyage to San Francisco, a roar of guns from warships and land batteries boomed a last farewell.

The voyage across the Pacific was without incident, and on the 20th of September, 1879, the *City of Tokio* arrived off the Golden Gate.

General Grant's welcome home to the shores of America was a fitting climax to the reception accorded him around the world. A fleet of steamers and yachts met the *City of Tokio* down the bay, while guns boomed until the harbor was cloudy with smoke, bells rang, and factory whistles tooted and screamed. Every vantage point overlooking the channel was black with cheering crowds.

It was dusk when the General landed. A great procession was awaiting him, and escorted him, through streets draped with bunting and bright with thousands of lights and bonfires, to the Palace Hotel, where a chorus of five hundred voices sang an ode of greeting.

The whole-hearted welcome thus begun by San Francisco followed General Grant as he traveled eastward. At every station crowds of people were gathered to see and cheer him. At Chicago, where he arrived during the annual meeting of the Army of the Tennessee, he was given an especially warm welcome.

He reached Philadelphia on December 12 — and the great, world-encircling tour was ended.

Without doubt General Grant's journey round the globe, because of the universal honors paid him, was the most remarkable of its kind in the world's history. It was, in fact, a triumphal tour of two and a half years' duration. In the course of his journeyings General Grant probably saw, and had been seen by, more people than any other human being since the world began.

CHAPTER XXV

"Let Us Have Peace"

The honors paid General Grant during his two-years' tour had made a great impression in the United States. The General's political friends determined to take advantage of this, and early in 1880 they began a movement to make him a presidential candidate for a third term. At first Grant was strongly opposed to the idea, but finally was won over, and consented.

"I owe so much to the Union men of the country," he said, "that if they think my chances are better for election than those of other probable candidates, I cannot decline, if the nomination is tendered without seeking on my part."

Grant's name was presented at the Republican convention by Roscoe Conkling. It was received with unexpected opposition. Although a majority of the delegates were Grant's warm friends, many were opposed to any president serving for a third term. The contest was long drawn out, and finally the nomination went to James A. Garfield. Grant was much hurt and disappointed. However, he

at once promised Garfield his support, and the latter was elected.

When General Grant completed his last year as President, he had no permanent home. He owned the house given him by the citizens of Galena, and a beautiful residence in Philadelphia, the gift of the Union League Club of that city, but he had not lived in either for any length of time. In 1881 he decided to settle in New York, and in August of that year bought a house near Central Park. It was about this time that several of his friends in New York raised a trust fund of $250,000 for Mrs. Grant.

General Grant's love for his mother was still one of the strongest traits of his character. When she died in 1883, at Jersey City Heights, the General, at the funeral, said to the officiating pastor, "In the remarks which you make, speak of her only as a simple-hearted, earnest Christian. Make no reference to me; she gained nothing by any position I have filled, or any honors that have been paid me. I owe all this, and all I am, to her earnest, modest, and sincere piety."

General Grant came to New York with the intention of engaging in some business. His first venture was unfortunate. He became the partner of a young Wall Street banker, investing his entire

fortune, and in May, 1884, while laid up from a heavy fall, he learned that the firm was bankrupt, through frauds committed by his partner.

This blow was the greatest General Grant had ever suffered. That the name of Grant should be connected with frauds was almost unbearable to him. In addition, his entire fortune was gone, even the gift of $250,000 to Mrs. Grant.

But in his adversity, and now broken in health, Grant was no less courageous than on the battlefield. At once he began the financial battle of life all over again.

The Century Company had once asked the General for a magazine article on the battle of Shiloh. The request was now repeated, and an offer of five hundred dollars made for the story. General Grant was surprised and delighted at the amount, and accepted the offer gladly, as a Godsend in his trying circumstances. His article was printed in the *Century Magazine* for February, 1885.

The General had never before written for publication. His honesty and directness of mind and unusual memory, however, enabled him to write so satisfactory an article that the price offered was doubled, and he was asked to continue, and tell of the capture of Vicksburg. This appeared in September, 1885.

The publishers then asked for a complete story of General Grant's life, to be issued in book form. If the General was surprised at the returns from his magazine articles, he was unbelievably astonished at the offers made for his "Memoirs." Mark Twain, the humorist, a warm personal friend, and a member of the publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., offered the General a royalty check of $25,000 in advance for the publishing rights. The arrangement finally made was that the General should receive twenty per cent of the selling price of the book.

And here it may be said that in February of the following year Mrs. Grant received from Webster & Co. a check for $200,000. which was the largest single royalty check ever drawn by a publisher. Thus General Grant's desire to provide for the remaining years of his wife, his chief purpose in writing the "Memoirs," was fully realized.

It was in the fall of 1884, while working on the story of his life, that General Grant first complained of a pain in his throat and a difficulty in swallowing. The trouble increased and greatly interfered with his work. After a time he found it impossible to take solid food, and began to lose strength, until at last he was confined to the house.

In March of the year following, 1885, General

Grant's financial anxieties were satisfactorily adjusted by the passage of a bill through Congress restoring him to his former rank of general, with full pay. But it was too late to be of material service to the stricken hero. On the 10th of March an examination revealed the fact that he was suffering from a malady of the gravest character.

When the news was published it brought words of sorrow and sympathy from every corner of the globe. Prayers for the General's recovery were offered throughout the land. His strength continued to diminish, and on the 5th of April it appeared as if the end were close at hand.

But the patient made a wonderful rally. "I want to finish my book," he said; and the determination seemed to renew his strength.

Warm weather came, and his friend James W. Drexel placed at the General's service a cottage on Mount McGregor, near Saratoga Springs. He was moved thither on the 16th of June. But even in the clearer air of a higher altitude he had little rest. Two days after his arrival at the cottage he wrote this pathetic note: —

"It is just a week since I have spoken. My pain is continuous."

Meantime, notwithstanding his pain and weakness, he was working steadily on his "Memoirs."

At last the task was completed. It appeared as if the purpose to finish what he had undertaken alone had kept him alive. He rapidly grew weaker, and early on the morning of July 23, 1885, surrounded by his family, the great commander quietly breathed his last.

So, working for others almost to the end, the man who had done the most to bring the nation through the great Civil War to peace and a renewal of friendship, passed to his own peace.

The news of General Grant's death, although expected, caused the most profound sorrow throughout the nation. Everywhere bells were tolled, flags were lowered to half-mast, and public buildings were draped in mourning.

The funeral was held in New York City. It was such as had not been witnessed since that of Napoleon, or the Duke of Wellington. The magnificent funeral car, drawn by twenty-four black horses, left the City Hall shortly before ten o'clock in the forenoon. Following the car, to the slow beat of muffled drums and the distant boom of minute guns, marched an army greater than many Grant had commanded — an army of veterans who had fought under him, of National Guards and regulars, infantry, cavalry, artillery, sailors; a vast, sorrowing army passing slowly

through the crowded, silent streets until far into the afternoon.

Finally, with simple ceremonies, concluding with the soldier's last farewell, the blowing of "Taps," the famous general was laid to rest.

On the same day, in nearly every other city in the country, memorial services were being held, bells were tolling, and cannon were firing at minute intervals. In some cities processions took place in which thousands of soldiers participated. Memorial services were also held in London and Paris, and countless flags were lowered to half-mast.

In a magnificent tomb, commandingly located on the noble Hudson, our nation's greatest general rests. His last honors may seem to be a glorification of arms and of war, yet there can be no doubt but that the words over his imposing tomb are those that Grant himself would have chosen:

LET US HAVE PEACE.

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